



No.105

Ten Cents

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1947



ACTION COMICS

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12/18



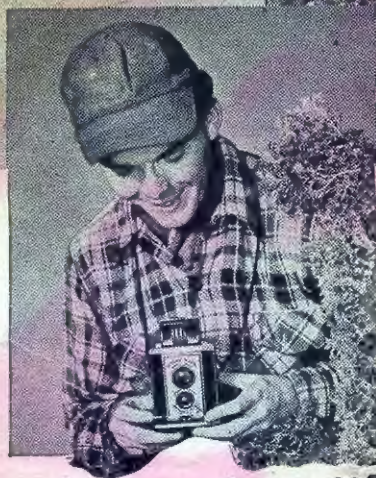
*"This Christmas will last
a long, long, time!"*



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Kodak

SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

by
JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

WOULD CHRISTMAS BE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT SANTA CLAUS? GATHER 'ROUND THE YULE-LOG FIRE WHILE WE SPIN THE FANTASTIC FABLE OF THE MAN WHO HATES THE HOLIDAY THE WHOLE WORLD LOVES- AND SEEKS TO STOP ITS CELEBRATION BY STRIKING AT SANTA HIMSELF! HE IS GREEDY JASPER RASPER - BUT HE RECKONS WITHOUT THE MAN OF TOMORROW, WHO GUARANTEES THAT THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A CHRISTMAS DESPITE...

"The Man Who Hated Christmas!"



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Printed in U.S.A.

Yes,
JASPER
RASPER
IS A
MEAN
MAN!

HERE IT IS
ALMOST
CHRISTMAS—
METROPOLIS
IS JAMMED
WITH SMIL-
ING, EAGER
SHOPPERS—
AND ALL HE
CAN FIND TO
SAY IS...



BAH!

MAY YOU
HAVE A VERY
MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
MR. RASPER!

CARTWRIGHT, I THOUGHT
I WARNED ALL MY
EMPLOYEES NOT TO
OFFER ME SEASON'S
GREETINGS!
YOU'RE FIRED!



CARTWRIGHT HAS
WORKED FOR JASPER
RASPER FOR 30
YEARS, AND HAS AN
ORPHANED GRAND-
CHILD TO SUPPORT.
BESIDES—BUT WHAT'S
THAT TO A GRASPER
LIKE RASPER? IF
HE COULD KILL
CHRISTMAS, HE
WOULD!

AND WHAT'S
MORE, HE
THINKS HE
CAN!



WHERE'S THAT BLASTED
GENERAL MANAGER OF
MINE? CRINGE, EDGAR
CRINGE, BRING ME
THOSE *SPECIAL*
CHOCOLATES!

HERE THEY ARE,
SIR—TREATED WITH
OUR CHEMISTS' NEW
WONDER DRUG, JUST
AS YOU ORDERED.

SPLENDID!
EXCELLENT! NOW
GET MY HELICOPTER
READY! I'M OFF TO PAY
A VISIT TO A FELLOW
I HATE—SANTA
CLAUS!

I'M COMING,
SANTA—AND...
YOU'LL BE
SORRY!



RASPER
HELICOPTER

RASPER WINGS TOWARD THE NORTH POLE, BUT THE EFFECTS OF HIS MEANNESS LINGER IN METROPOLIS...

I WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY THE RENT ON TIME, MRS. O'MALLEY. MR. RASPER FIRED ME JUST BECAUSE I WISHED HIM A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

DID HE NOW? FAITH, 'TIS AN INCIDENT JUST RIGHT FOR THE DAILY PLANET'S "MEANEST-DEED-I-EVER-HEARD-OF" CONTEST. WHERE'S MY HAT?

AND SOON, IN THE OFFICE OF DAILY PLANET EDITOR PERRY WHITE...

YOUR ENTRY WILL BE GIVEN DUE CONSIDERATION, MRS. O'MALLEY...

IF I WIN, MAKE THE CHECK OUT TO MR. CARTWRIGHT!

AND WILL MAKE A GOOD FEATURE STORY, BESIDES.

SNIFF! GRAMP COULDN'T FOOL ME. I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

WHITE CALLS HIS ACE-REPORTER, CLARK KENT...

CHECK ON THIS, KENT! IT MAY MAKE A SENSATIONAL FEATURE STORY! JASPER RASPER IS INVOLVED!

I'M ON MY WAY, BOSS!

SO RASPER IS OUT OF TOWN AND YOU WON'T TALK! I SEE! LIKE MASTER LIKE SERVANT, EH?

NO! DON'T COUPLE ME WITH THAT MAN! I MAY BE WEAK, BUT I'M NOT MEAN! WHAT'S MORE, I'LL TELL YOU WHERE HE'S GONE, AND WHY!

HE'S GONE TO THE NORTH POLE—TO SEE SANTA CLAUS—TO SABOTAGE CHRISTMAS! NOW I'VE TOLD YOU, AND IT MEANS MY JOB—BUT I'M GLAD—GLAD!

THANKS, CRINGE. YOU WON'T REGRET IT!

CHRISTMAS IN DANGER? THIS—IF ANYTHING EVER WAS—IS A JOB FOR SUPERMAN!



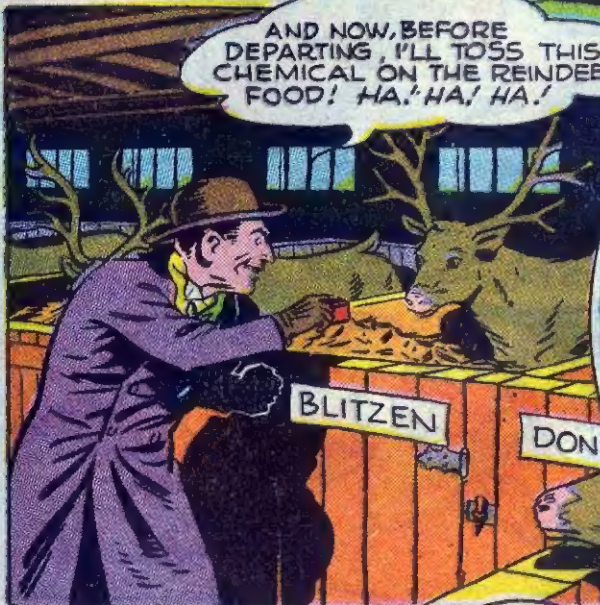
SANTA SNORES, AND AS HE DOES, HIS ROLY-POLY FIGURE BEGINS TO EXPAND!



YAK! YAK!
LITTLE DID SANTA SUSPECT THOSE MUNCHY MORSELS HAD BEEN TREATED WITH A NEW WONDER DRUG WHICH CAUSES FATTY TISSUE TO MULTIPLY AT MIRACULOUS SPEED!



AND NOW, BEFORE DEPARTING, I'LL TOSS THIS CHEMICAL ON THE REINDEERS' FOOD! HA! HA! HA!



SOON AFTER...

GET UP, SANTA!
WAKE UP! IT'S URGENT!

EH? WHO-?
WHY, IT'S SUPERMAN!

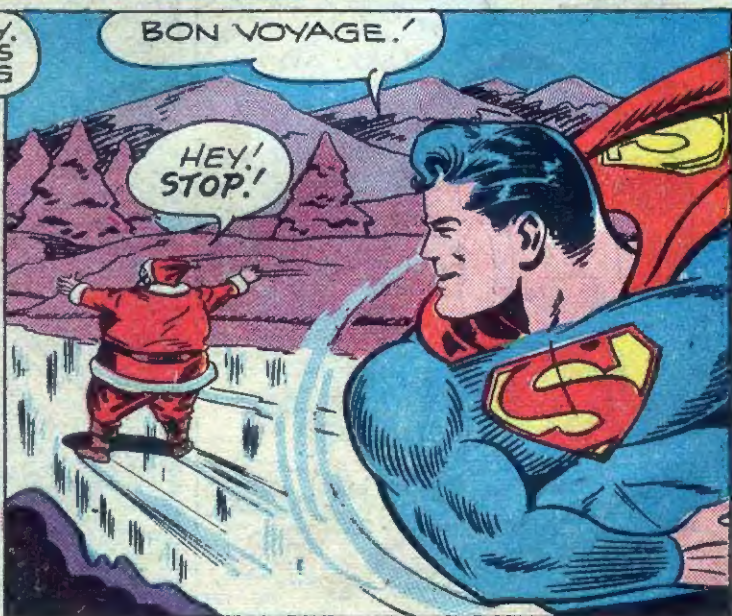


I CAME HERE AS QUICKLY AS I COULD TO WARN YOU THAT CHRISTMAS IS IN DANGER!

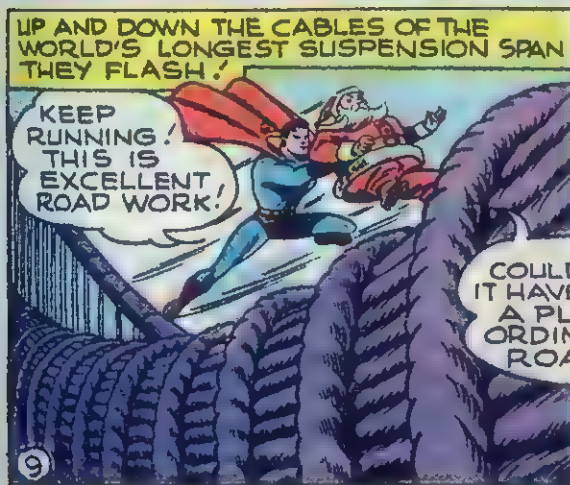
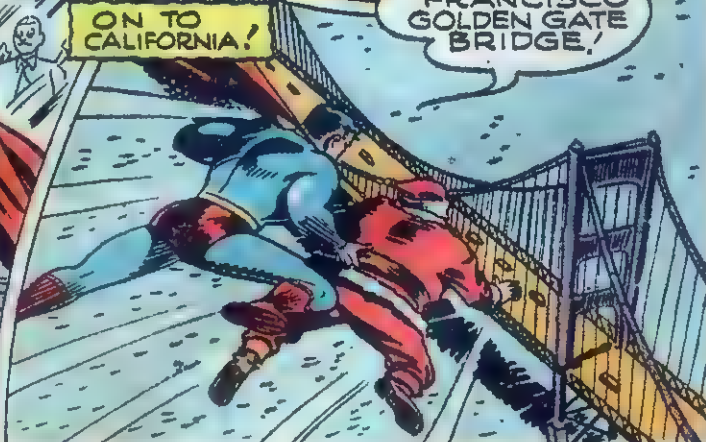
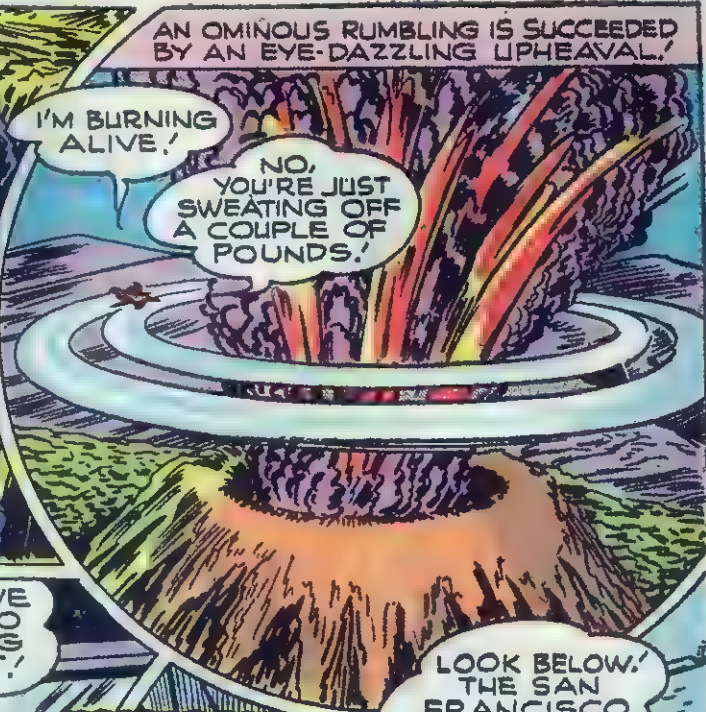
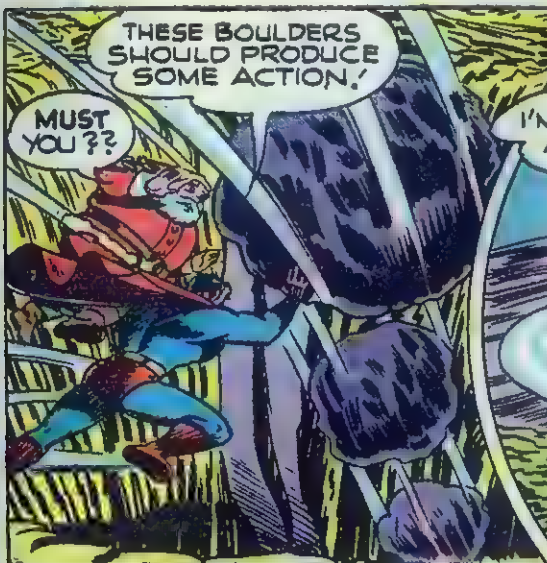
YOU MUST BE JOKING!

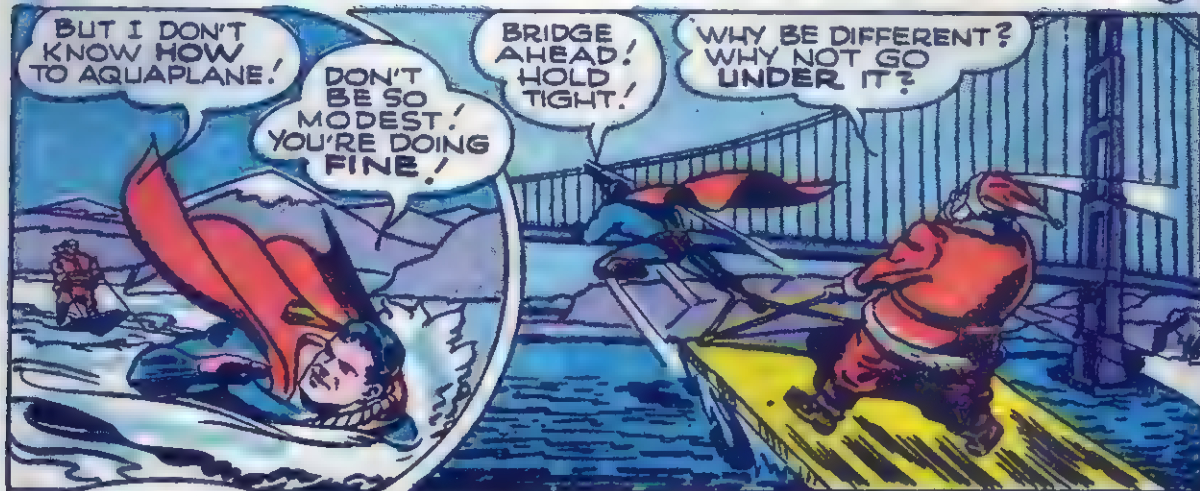












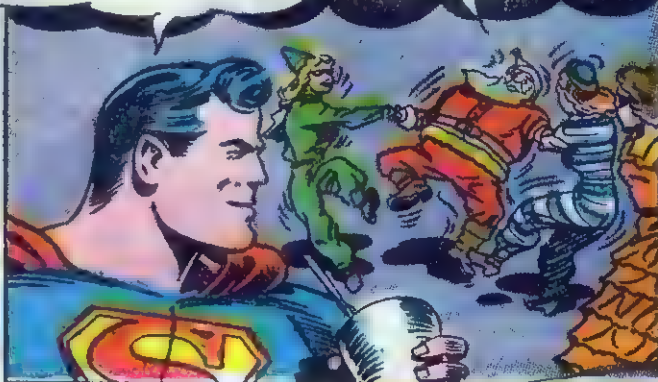
SAY! THIS IS FUN!

REFRESH

YOU'VE AS MUCH PEP AS THE REAL SANTA CLAUS MUST HAVE!

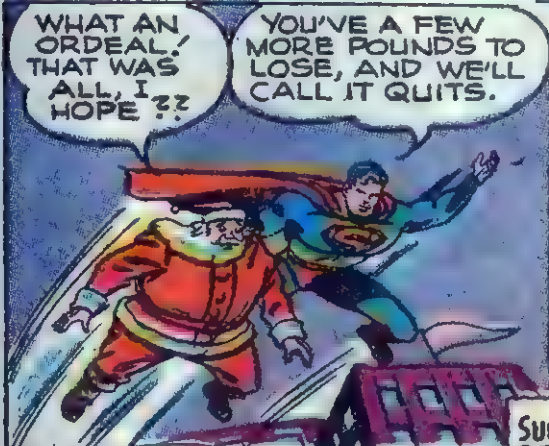
GO TO IT, GIRLS! HE'LL THINK NOTHING OF DANCING WITH ALL OF YOU SIMULTANEOUSLY!

OH, MY ACHING BACK!

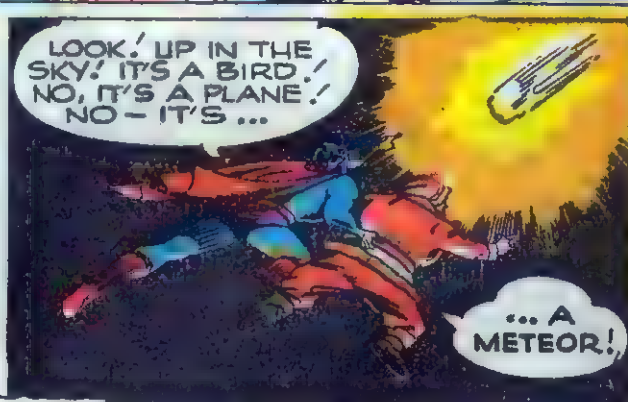


WHAT AN ORDEAL! THAT WAS ALL, I HOPE??

YOU'VE A FEW MORE POUNDS TO LOSE, AND WE'LL CALL IT QUITS.



LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! IT'S A BIRD!
NO, IT'S A PLANE!
NO - IT'S ...



... A METEOR!

YEOWW!

SUPERMAN RETURNS SANTA TO THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S WORK-SHOP.

CONGRATULATIONS. YOU'RE IN BETTER SHAPE THAN EVER.

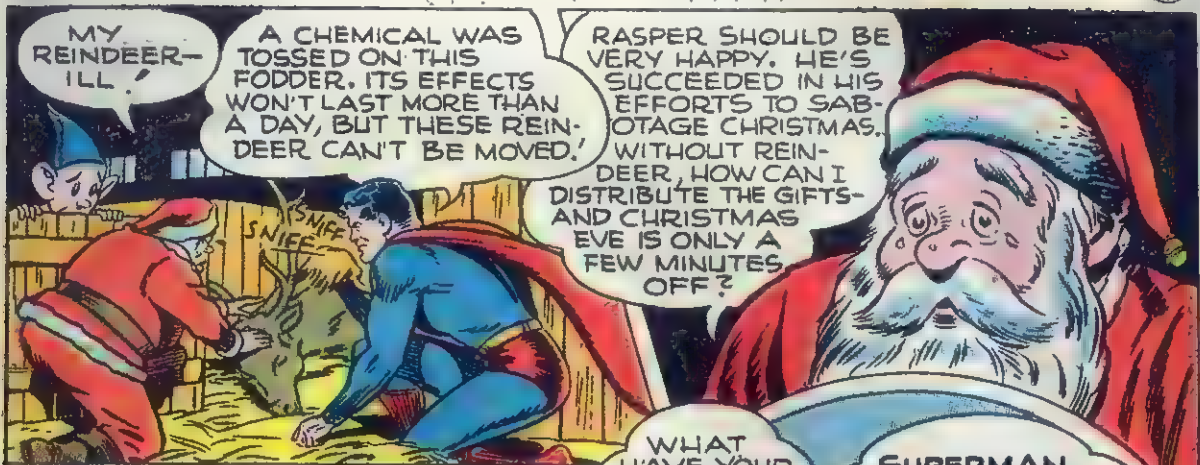
SANTA! COME QUICKLY! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!



I FEEL GREAT!

THAT FINAL SCARE DID IT! YOU'RE BACK TO YOUR NORMAL WEIGHT!





MY REINDEER—
ILL!

A CHEMICAL WAS
TOSSED ON THIS
FODDER. ITS EFFECTS
WON'T LAST MORE THAN
A DAY, BUT THESE REIN-
DEER CAN'T BE MOVED.

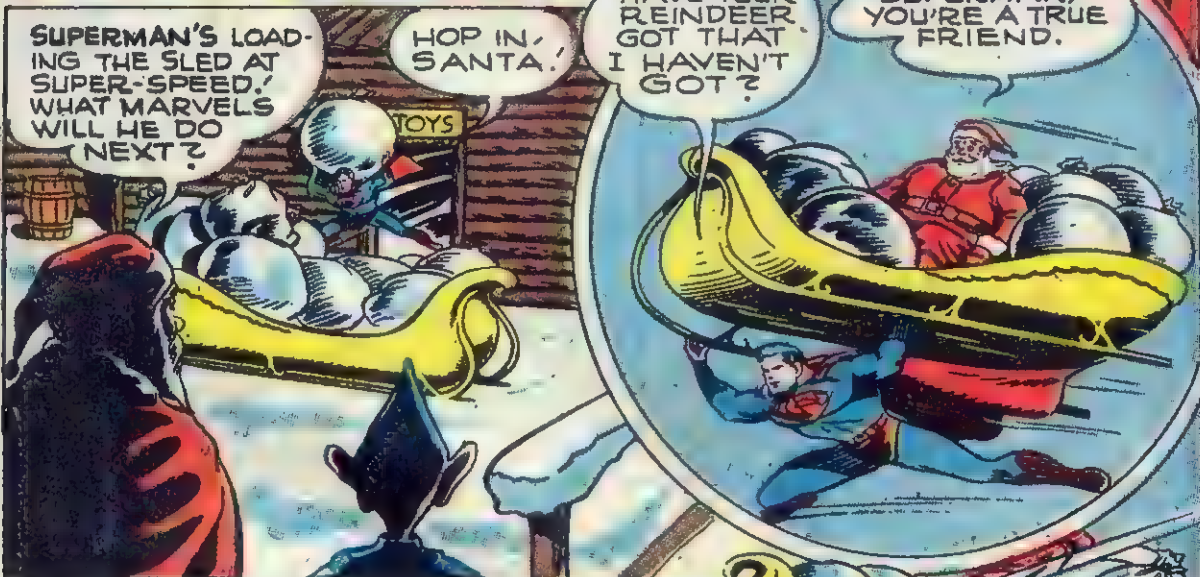
RASPER SHOULD BE
VERY HAPPY. HE'S
SUCCEEDED IN HIS
EFFORTS TO SAB-
OTAGE CHRISTMAS.
WITHOUT REIN-
DEER, HOW CAN I
DISTRIBUTE THE GIFTS—
AND CHRISTMAS
EVE IS ONLY A
FEW MINUTES
OFF?

SUPERMAN'S LOAD-
ING THE SLED AT
SUPER-SPEED!
WHAT MARVELS
WILL HE DO
NEXT?

HOP IN,
SANTA!

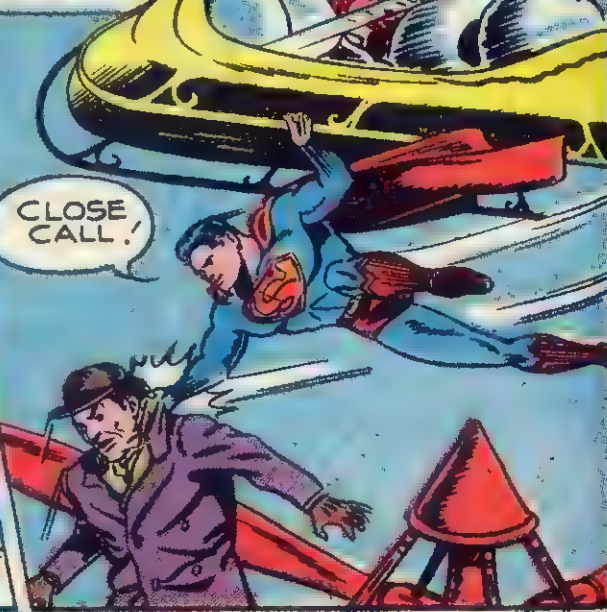
WHAT
HAVE YOUR
REINDEER
GOT THAT
I HAVEN'T
GOT?

SUPERMAN,
YOU'RE A TRUE
FRIEND.



LOOK BELOW!
A HELICOPTER,
STRANDED ON AN
ICE SEGMENT, IS
ABOUT TO CRASH
INTO AN ICE-
BERG!

AND
THERE'S A
MAN STANDING
ON IT!



CLOSE
CALL!



SANTA CLAUS!

IT'S RASPER—THE MAN WHO TRIED TO SABOTAGE CHRISTMAS.

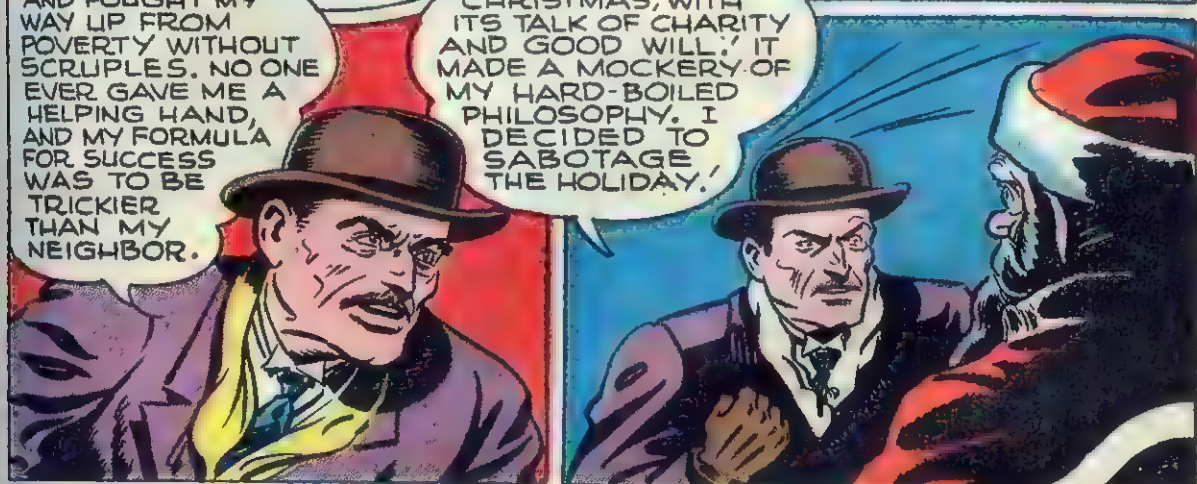
YOU AND SUPERMAN SAVED MY LIFE, DESPITE THE SNEAKY TRICK I PLAYED ON YOU. WHY?

EVER HEAR OF "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN"?

WHY DID YOU WANT TO SABOTAGE CHRISTMAS, RASPER?

I JOSTLED AND FOUGHT MY WAY UP FROM POVERTY WITHOUT SCRIPPLES. NO ONE EVER GAVE ME A HELPING HAND, AND MY FORMULA FOR SUCCESS WAS TO BE TRICKIER THAN MY NEIGHBOR.

I HATED CHRISTMAS, WITH ITS TALK OF CHARITY AND GOOD WILL. IT MADE A MOCKERY OF MY HARD-BOILED PHILOSOPHY. I DECIDED TO SABOTAGE THE HOLIDAY.

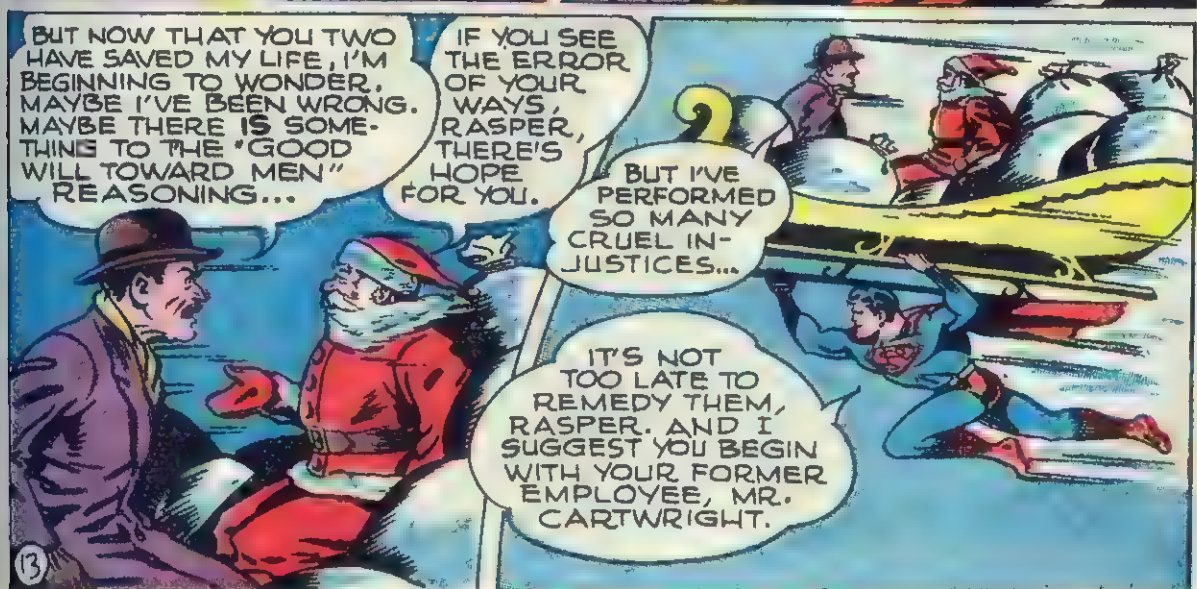


BUT NOW THAT YOU TWO HAVE SAVED MY LIFE, I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER, MAYBE I'VE BEEN WRONG. MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING TO THE "GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN" REASONING...

IF YOU SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS, RASPER, THERE'S HOPE FOR YOU.

BUT I'VE PERFORMED SO MANY CRUEL INJUSTICES...

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO REMEDY THEM, RASPER. AND I SUGGEST YOU BEGIN WITH YOUR FORMER EMPLOYEE, MR. CARTWRIGHT.





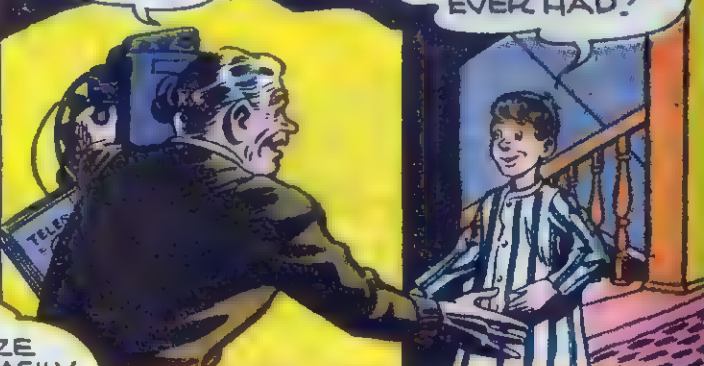
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING-AND... MERRY CHRISTMAS!

AND LATER...

THAT WAS MR. RASPER, TOMMY! HE'S SENDING SOME TOYS OVER FOR YOU. I TOLD YOU HE WAS A GENEROUS MAN!

SO GRAMPY GOT HIS JOB BACK, AFTER ALL!

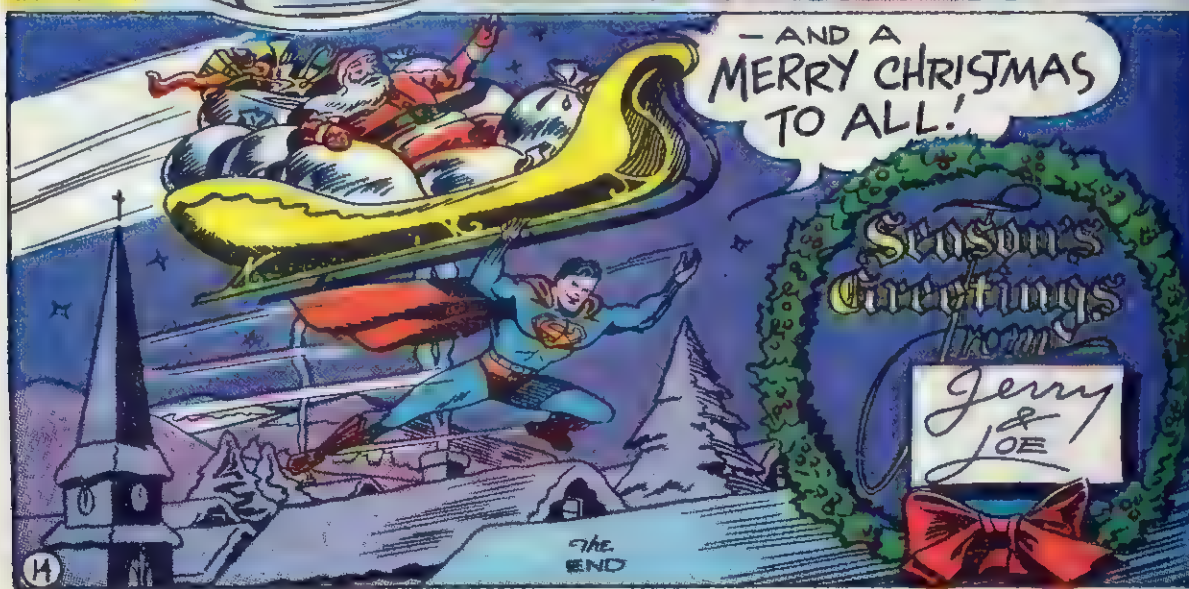
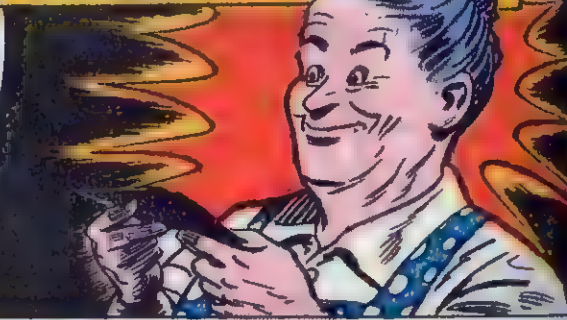
IT'S THE BEST CHRISTMAS WE EVER HAD!



NEED ANY HELP? IS THE CHIMNEY TOO SMALL?

I CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH EASILY, SUPERMAN- THANKS TO YOU!

AND WHAT ABOUT MRS. O'MALLEY? WELL, HERE SHE IS WITH- GUESS WHAT?- THE WINNER'S CHECK IN THE PLANET'S CONTEST. AND SHE CAN KEEP IT ALL TO HERSELF, BECAUSE MR. CARTWRIGHT DOESN'T NEED IT ANYMORE!



- AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

Season's Greetings from

Gerry & Joe

WANT TO BE A

champion dancer?

Famous Dance Man Arthur Murray
Shows You How in Wheaties
New Library of Sports Book



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Dancing is fun ... a pleasant sport ... a healthful exercise ... a social asset. Dancing will help you to be a popular member of your gang. *Dancing is easy*, too, (even if you've never danced before) once you learn the magic methods of Arthur Murray.

You teach yourself. No partner is needed for preliminary lessons. All you need is a copy of Arthur Murray's new 44-page book, "Let's Dance," and a

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Wheaties, Library of Sports
Dept. 821, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please send me Wheaties new Library of Sports book, "Let's Dance," by Arthur Murray, America's most famous dance master. I enclose only 10¢ and one Wheaties box top.

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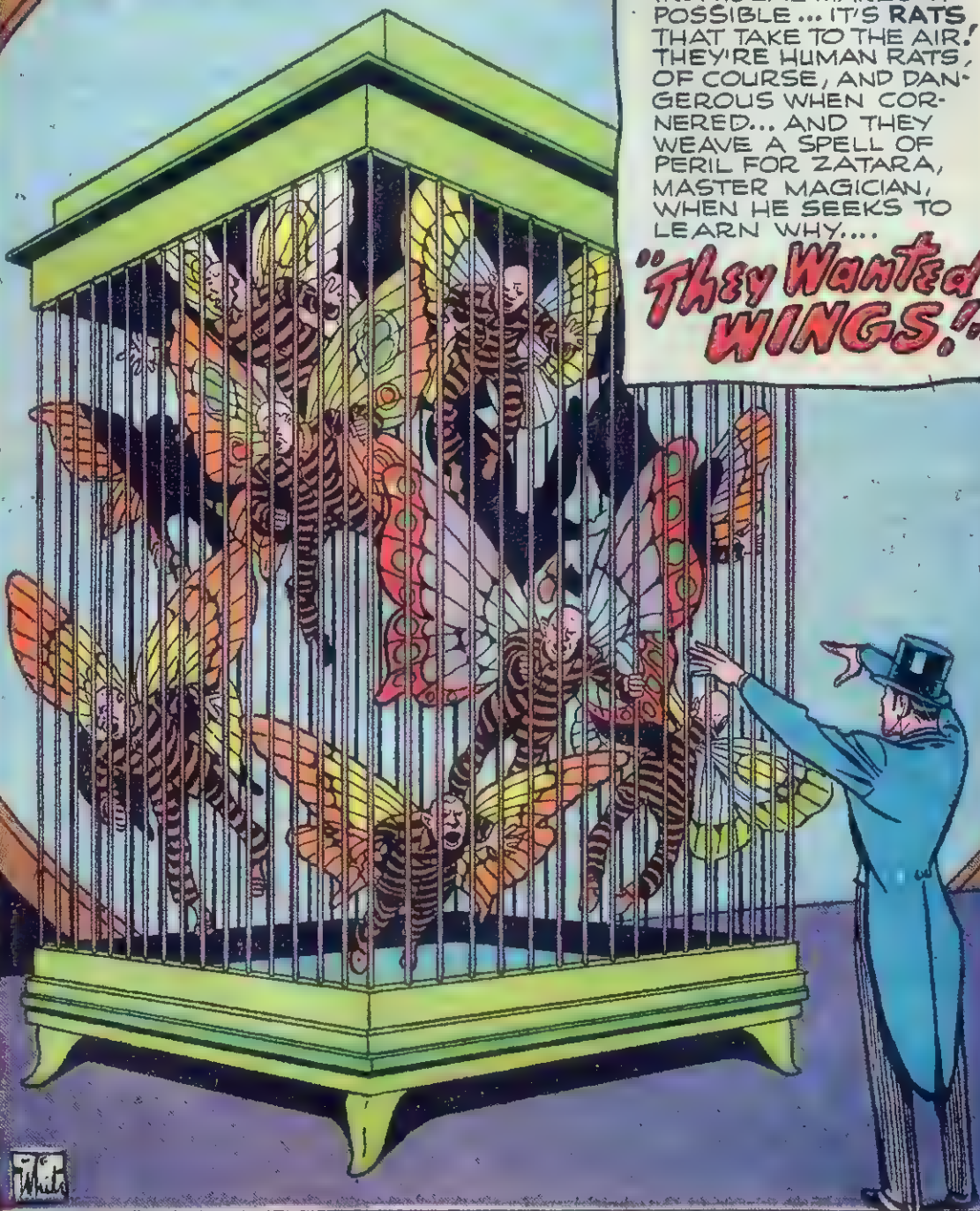
This special offer not good after July 1, 1947

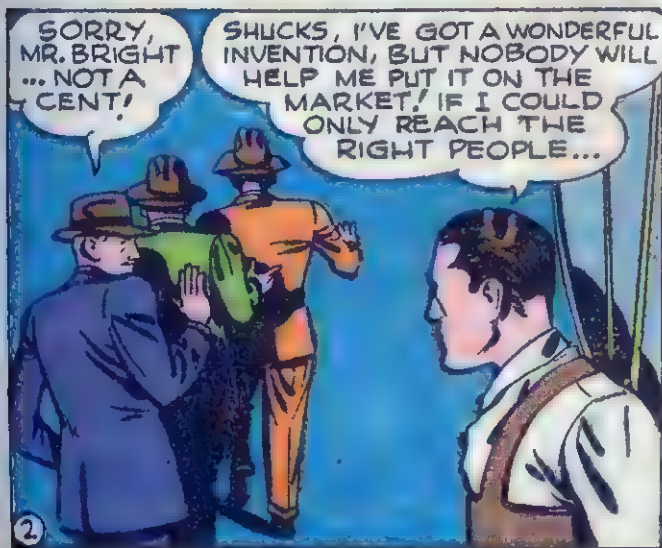
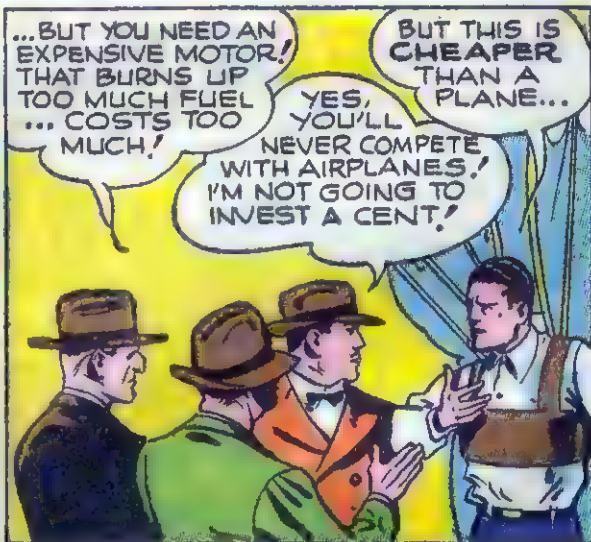
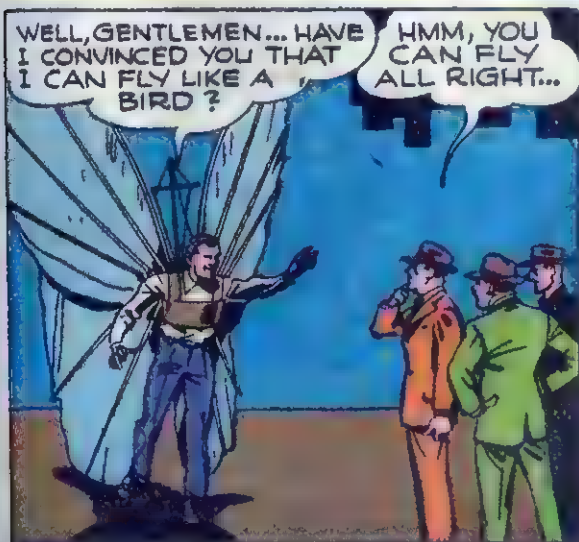
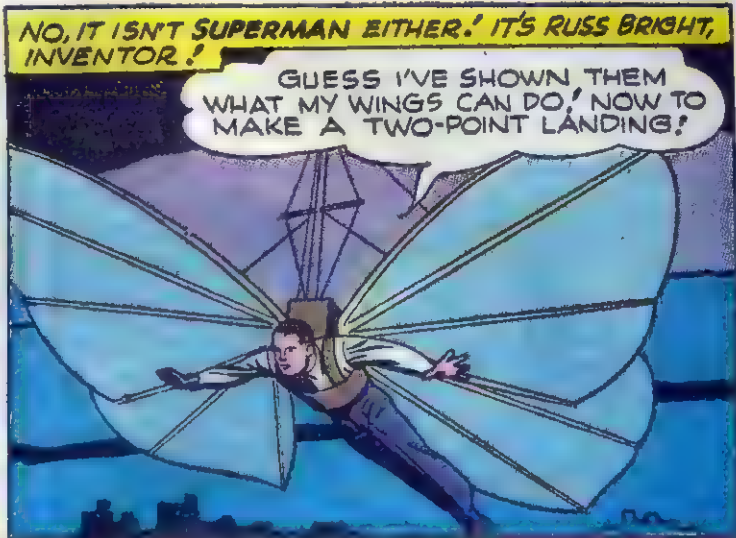
ZATARA

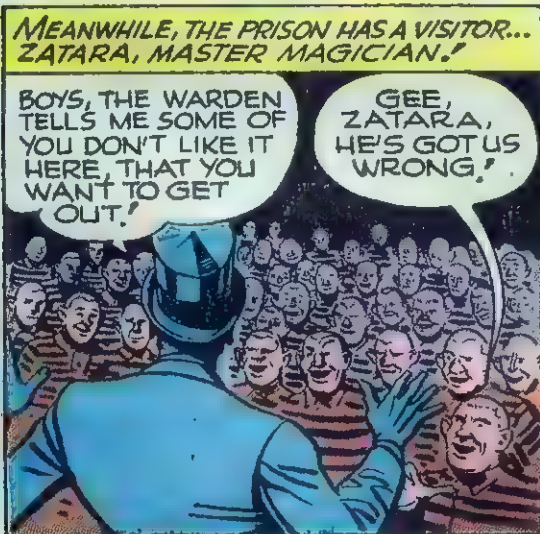
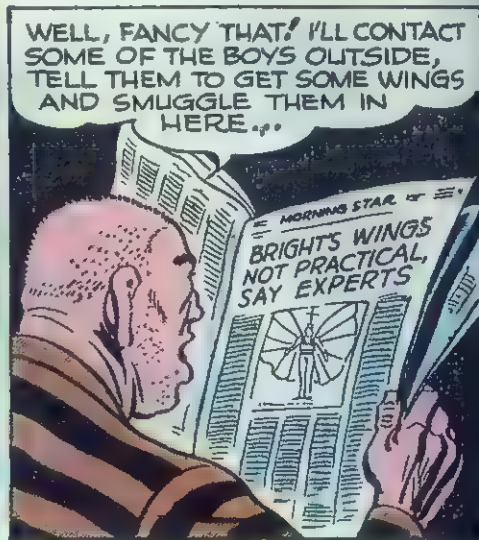
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

MEN HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO FLY...NOT ONLY IN PLANES AND BALLOONS, BUT AS BIRDS AND BUTTERFLIES DO. BUT WHEN ONE INVENTIVE INDIVIDUAL MAKES IT POSSIBLE...IT'S RATS THAT TAKE TO THE AIR! THEY'RE HUMAN RATS, OF COURSE, AND DANGEROUS WHEN CORNERED...AND THEY WEAVE A SPELL OF PERIL FOR ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, WHEN HE SEEKS TO LEARN WHY...

"They Wanted WINGS!"







HERE YOU ARE, BOYS... YOU CAN FORM A BAND, AND PLAY OVER THE RADIO!

THE JOKE'S ON US! THANKS, ZATARA... WE COULD HAVE USED THOSE FILES... BUT WE CAN USE THESE, TOO!

YES, THE WONDER-WORKING WIZARD IS POPULAR EVEN WITH CONVICTS! BUT LATER, AS HE TOURS THE PRISON WITH THE WARDEN...

HERE'S WHERE WE KEEP THE REALLY TOUGH EGGS IN COLD STORAGE, ZATARA...

UNEXPECTEDLY... YEAH, WE'RE TOUGH, ALL RIGHT... BUT WE'RE GETTIN' OUT OF THE COOLER RIGHT NOW! HEAD FOR THE MACHINE SHOP, BOYS! I HAD THE WINGS DELIVERED THERE!

AAAA...

OUT OF MY WAY, STUPID... I'M MIGRATIN' SOUTH!

OH... I'VE GOT THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL...

AS FOR ZATARA... OWWW... MY HEAD HURTS... WONDER HOW LONG I'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS? AND HOW WILL I GET OUT OF HERE, WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO SEE AND USE MY MAGIC?

THOSE RATS DIDN'T KNOW THAT A GOOD ESCAPE ARTIST HAS TRAINED FEET AS WELL AS TRAINED HANDS!

AND NOW, ABLE TO USE HIS MAGIC
ONCE MORE...

SNORI, PORD
FFO SDNAH!

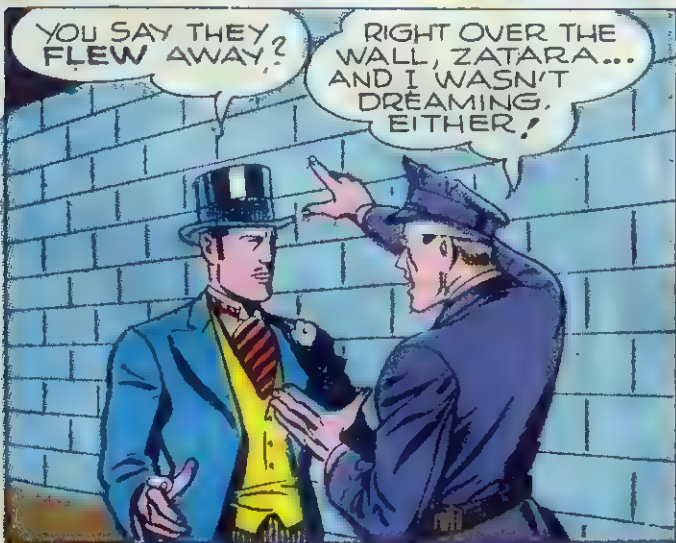


I'LL SEND THE GUARDS TO RELEASE
YOU, WARDEN... I'VE GOT TO HURRY
AFTER THE CROOKS!



YOU SAY THEY
FLEW AWAY?

RIGHT OVER THE
WALL, ZATARA...
AND I WASN'T
DREAMING,
EITHER!



HMM... I'LL CHECK
ON THAT!
DOULC, HGIHW
YAW DID YEHT
OG?

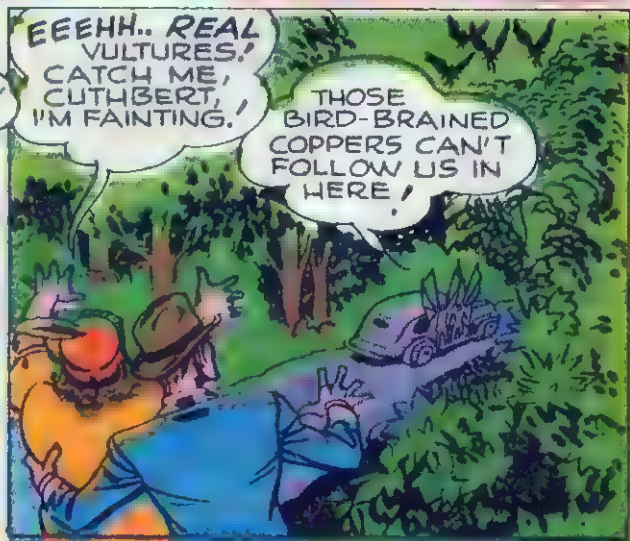
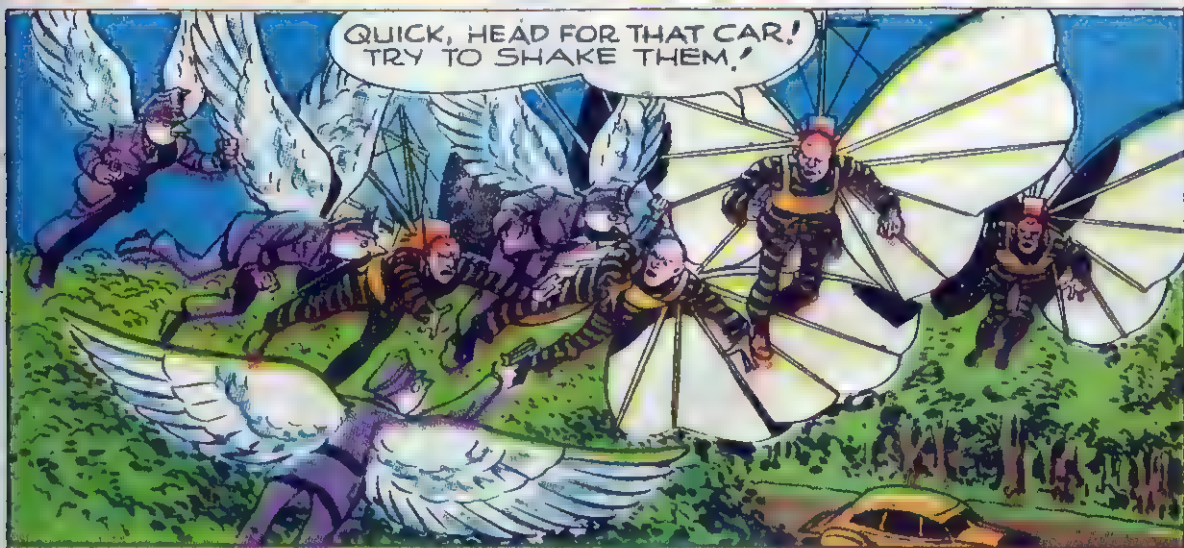
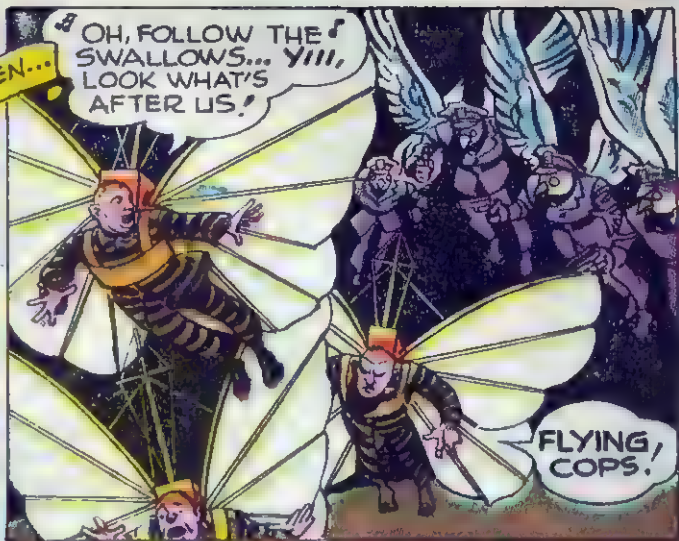


THEY FLEW
THAT WAY,
ZATARA!

THEN THEY DID FLY?
YOU'D BETTER TAKE
ME AFTER THEM...
OS EB TI!

THERE THEY
ARE!

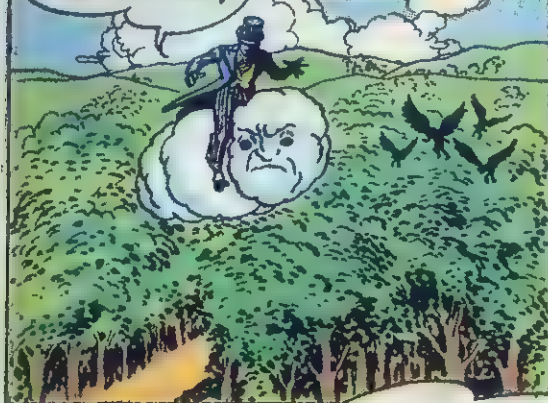






BUT THE MASTER OF MAGIC IS STILL ON THE JOB!

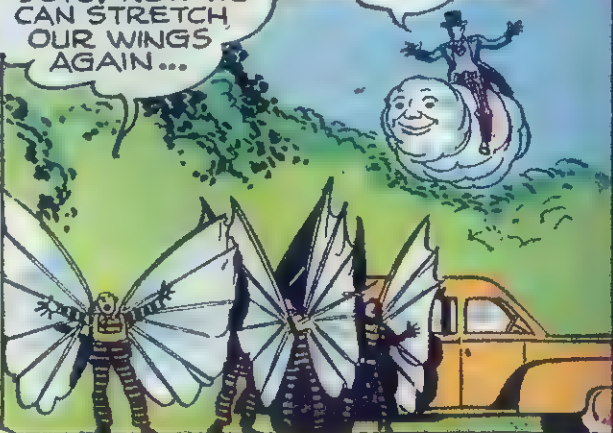
THEY'VE ELUDED MY BIRD-POLICE... BUT THEY CAN'T ESCAPE ME!



SOON...

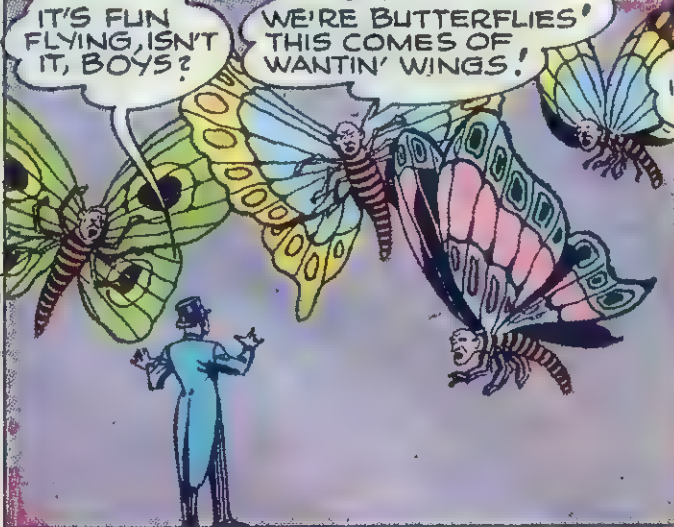
WELL, WE MADE IT, BOYS! NOW WE CAN STRETCH OUR WINGS AGAIN...

THAT YOU CAN! NEM, NRUT OTNI SEILFRETTUB!



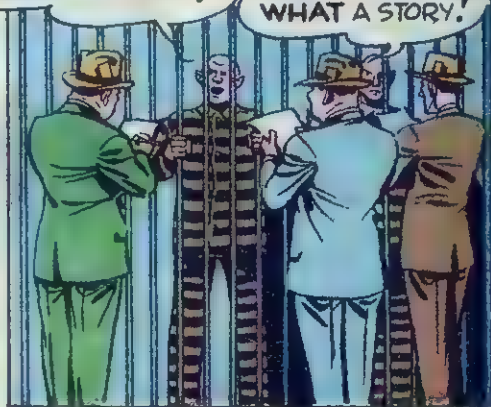
IT'S FUN FLYING, ISN'T IT, BOYS?

OWWWW... NOW WE'RE BUTTERFLIES! THIS COMES OF WANTIN' WINGS!



LATER... ...AND THEN ZATARA CAUGHT US IN A BUTTERFLY NET... HONEST!

HA, HA... ZATARA MUST HAVE HAD YOU IN A COMPLETE DAZE! BUT WHAT A STORY!



BUT THAT ISN'T THE END OF IT! AT THE HOME OF INVENTOR BRIGHT...

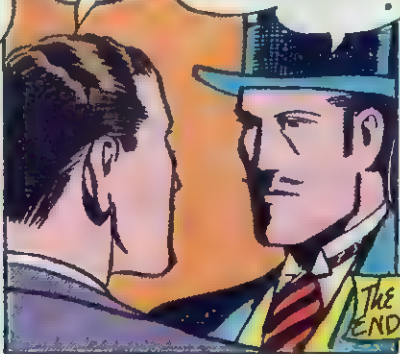
THOSE CONVICTS CONVINCED US OF THE VALUE OF YOUR INVENTION, MR. BRIGHT! AND ZATARA SAYS IT'S PRACTICAL, TOO!

SO WE'D LIKE TO SIGN A CONTRACT WITH YOU!



I'M A SUCCESS! AND YOUR MAGIC DID IT, ZATARA! THANKS A LOT!

GLAD TO HELP! AND I HAD A LOT OF FUN-CHASING THOSE BUTTERFLIES!



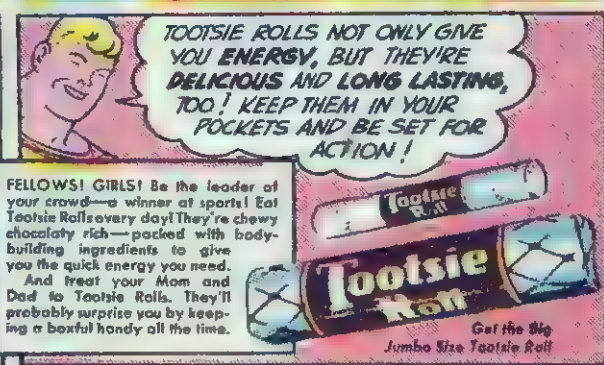
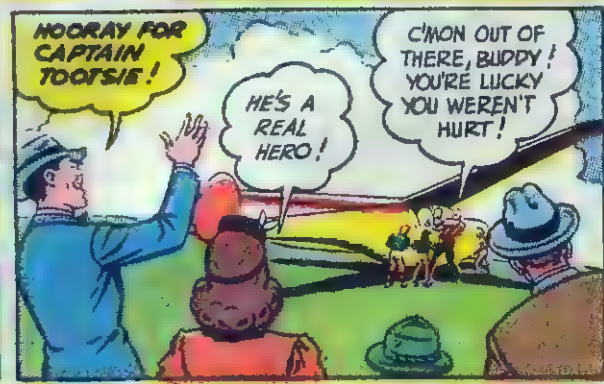
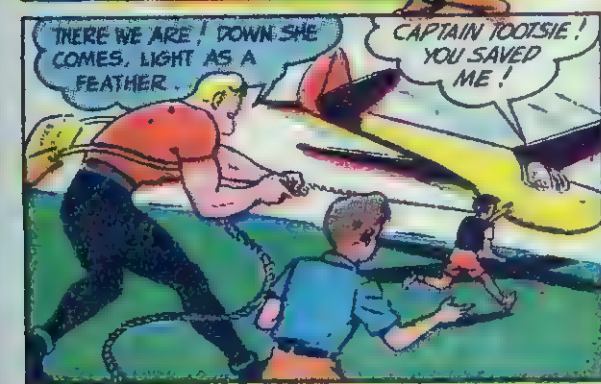
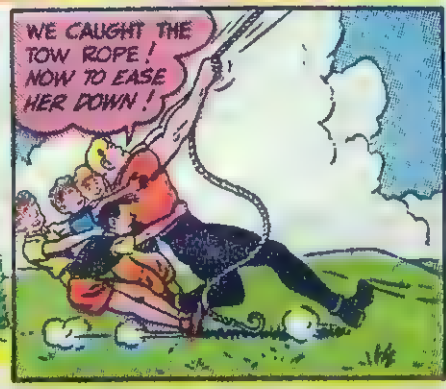
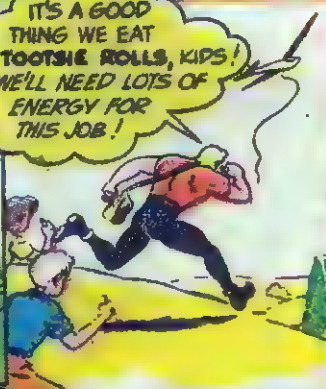
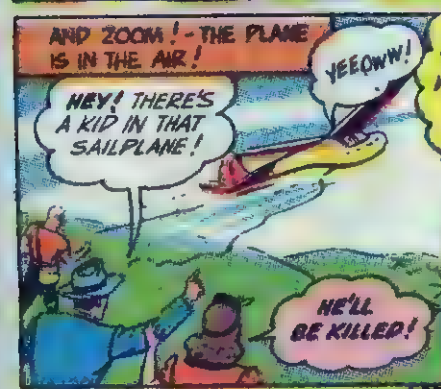
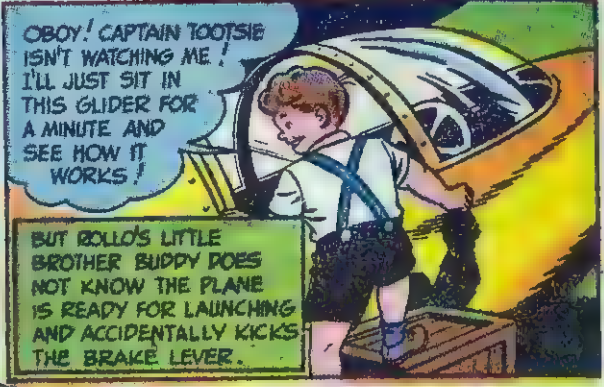
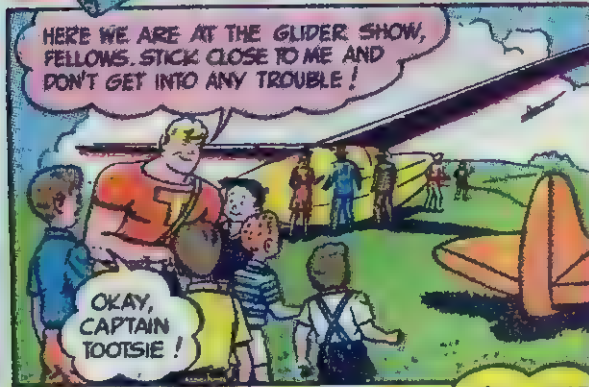
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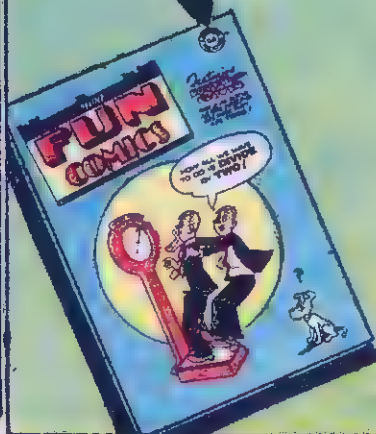
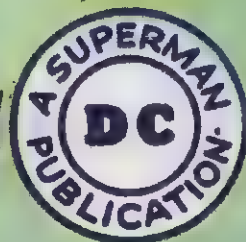


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A SHARP SORT OF CHAP
WHOM TO SIT DOWN ON
WOULD BE A MISHAP.
BUT SHOULD THIS ADVICE PROVE
TO BE ALL IN VAIN,
COMIC BOOKS WITH THIS SYMBOL
WILL BANISH ALL PAIN.

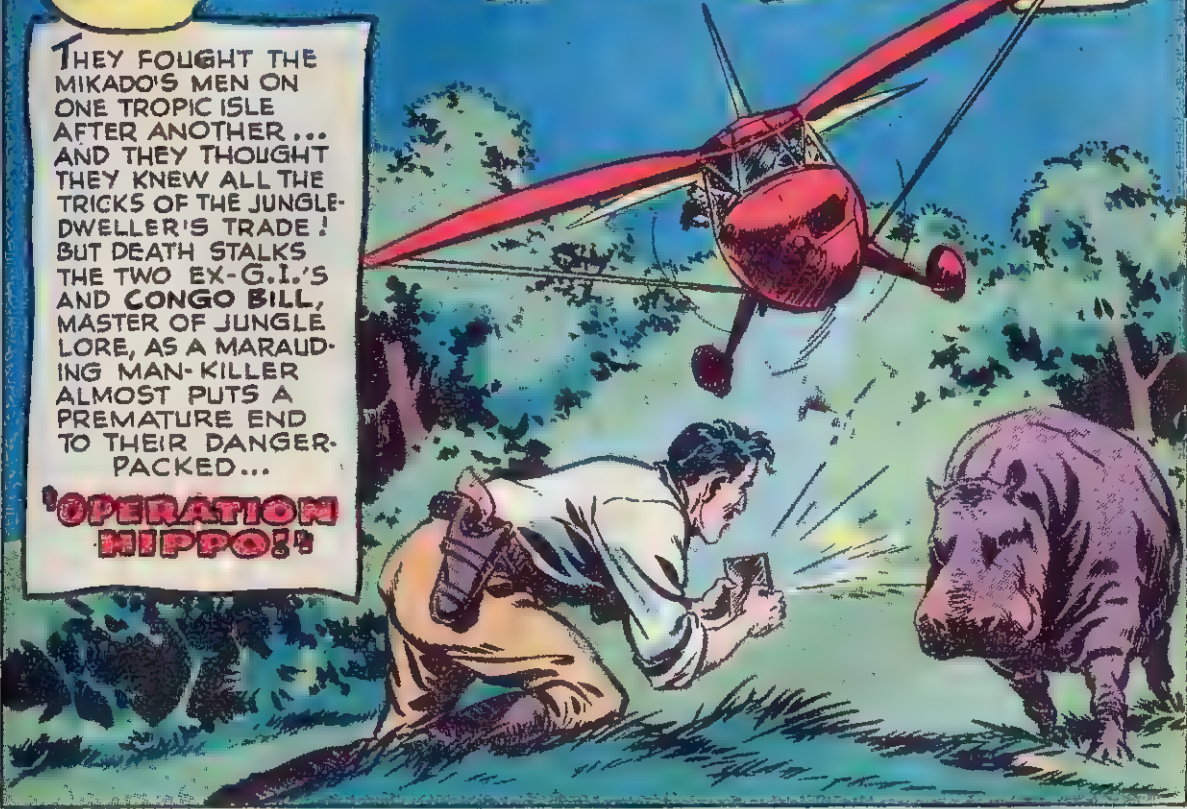


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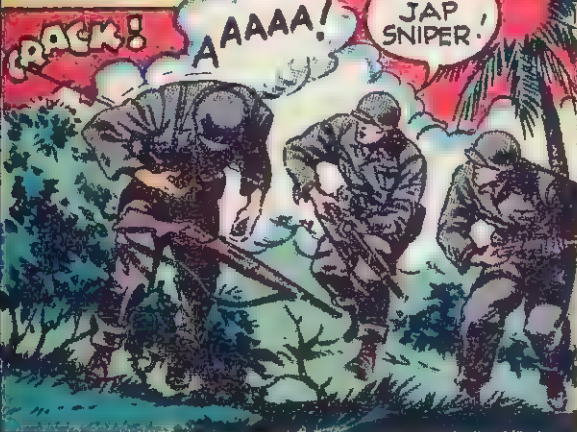
CONGO BILL

THEY FOUGHT THE MIKADO'S MEN ON ONE TROPIC ISLE AFTER ANOTHER... AND THEY THOUGHT THEY KNEW ALL THE TRICKS OF THE JUNGLE-DWELLER'S TRADE! BUT DEATH STALKS THE TWO EX-G.I.'S AND CONGO BILL, MASTER OF JUNGLE LORE, AS A MARAUDING MAN-KILLER ALMOST PUTS A PREMATURE END TO THEIR DANGER-PACKED...

OPERATION HIPPO!



REMEMBER THE BATTLES OF GUADALCANAL, OKINAWA, THE PHILIPPINES? WELL, JOHNNY WILLIAMS AND FRED FOREST WERE IN THEM ALL!



YES, THEY GAVE THE MIKADO'S MEN A TOUGH TIME! BUT, AT LAST, AT AN ARMY SEPARATION CENTER...

OKAY, BOYS, YOU'RE OUT OF THE ARMY NOW!

BOY, WHAT A THRILL! NO MORE SALUTIN' BRASS!

SO LONG, SARGE!

WHAT BOTHERS ME NOW IS... WHAT DO WE DO FOR A JOB?

I'VE GOT AN ANSWER TO THAT, FRED... WE CAN DO THE SAME KIND OF THING WE DID BEFORE! BACK TO THE JUNGLE!

ONLY INSTEAD OF STALKING NIPS WE STALK WILD ANIMALS, AND TRAP THEM FOR ZOOS AND CIRCUSES.

HMM... SOUNDS GOOD...

SHORTLY...

YES, WE CAN USE SOME ANIMALS... BUT IT'S NO CINCH CATCHING THEM! WHAT EXPERIENCE HAVE YOU HAD?

MISTER, WE HAD OUR EXPERIENCE TRAPPING THE MOST DANGEROUS ANIMALS IN THE WORLD...

THE MIKADO'S SOLDIERS!

NOT BAD! BUT REMEMBER... WE BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!

WE'VE DONE THAT TOO, WITH PRISONERS! LEAVE IT TO US, MISTER.

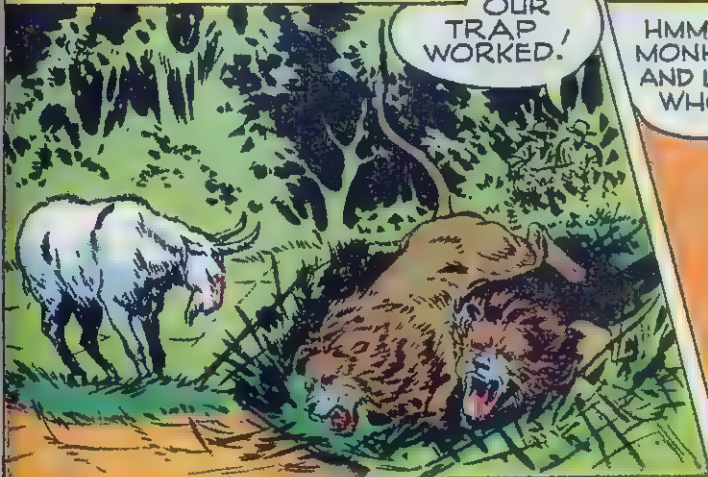
WEEKS LATER, IN THE HEART OF AFRICA...

LOOKS LIKE THOSE LIONS ARE HEADING FOR OUR TRAP, JOHNNY.

WISH WE COULD GET A PAIR OF PIGMY HIPPOS THAT EASILY! THEY'RE THE BABIES THAT BRING REAL MONEY!

BUT AS THE KINGS OF THE JUNGLE LEAP AT WHAT APPEARS TO BE EASY PREY...

OUR TRAP WORKED.



NEARBY IS ANOTHER JUNGLE TRAVELER... CONGO BILL, GLOBAL ADVENTURER.

HMM, THE WIND'S CHANGING... AND THE MONKEYS HAVE STOPPED CHATTERING AND LOOK SCARED... WONDER WHO'S COMING THIS WAY?



OH, OH... THERE'S THE REASON... A RHINO! AND HE'S IN A KILLING MOOD.

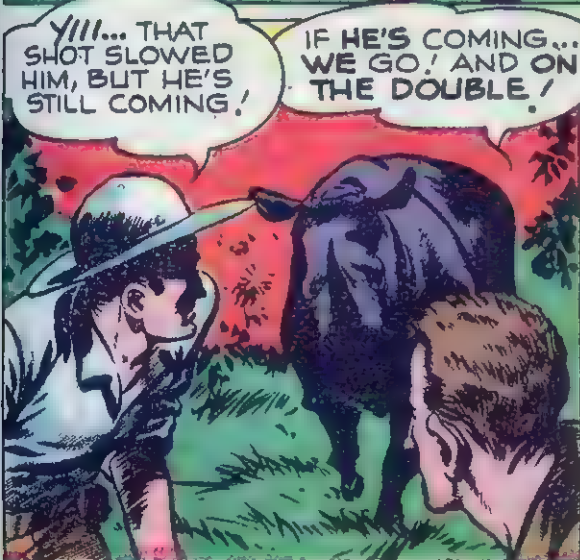


NO TIME FOR CAREFUL AIMING... HERE GOES!



YII... THAT SHOT SLOWED HIM, BUT HE'S STILL COMING!

IF HE'S COMING... WE GO! AND ON THE DOUBLE!



WE'RE HOLDING OUR OWN... (PANT)... BUT THIS CAN'T KEEP UP! FIND YOURSELF A FOXHOLE, JOHNNY... I'LL KEEP HIM CHASING ME!

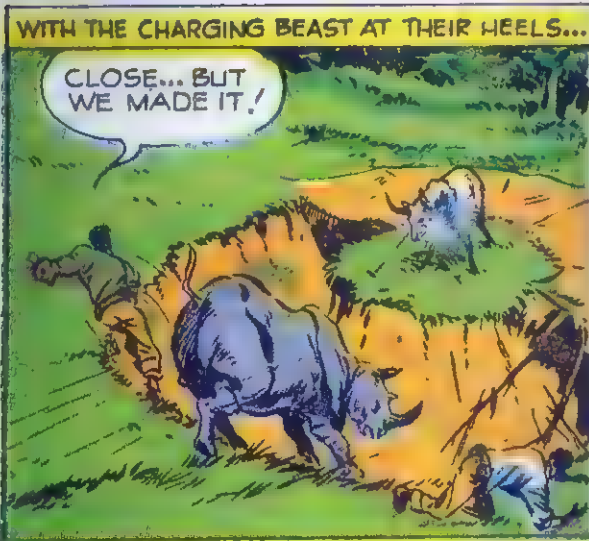
NOTHING DOING! WE STARTED THIS DETAIL TOGETHER AND WE FINISH IT THAT WAY!





WITH THE CHARGING BEAST AT THEIR HEELS...

CLOSE... BUT WE MADE IT!



NOW FOR A FEW GAS GRENADES, TO KEEP THESE BABIES FROM TANGLING WITH EACH OTHER.

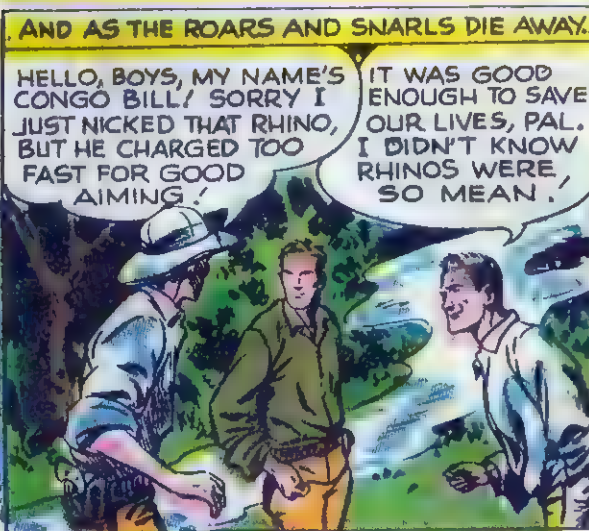
CHECK! IT'LL PUT THEM TO SLEEP!



AND AS THE ROARS AND SNARLS DIE AWAY...

HELLO, BOYS, MY NAME'S CONGO BILL! SORRY I JUST NICKED THAT RHINO, BUT HE CHARGED TOO FAST FOR GOOD AIMING!

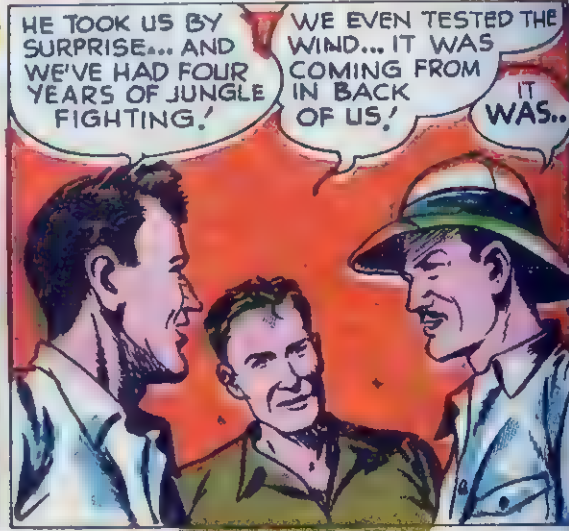
IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO SAVE OUR LIVES, PAL. I DIDN'T KNOW RHINOS WERE SO MEAN.



HE TOOK US BY SURPRISE... AND WE'VE HAD FOUR YEARS OF JUNGLE FIGHTING!

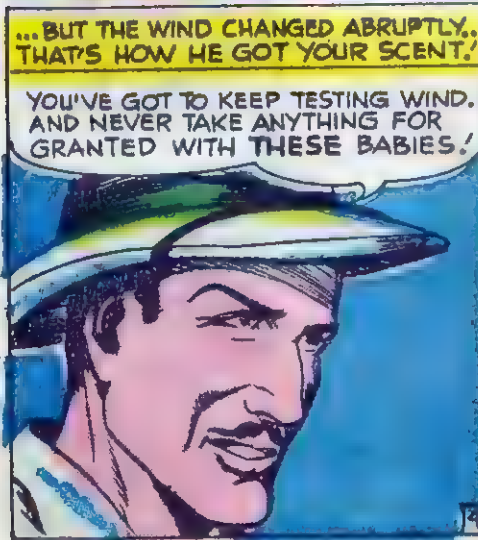
WE EVEN TESTED THE WIND... IT WAS COMING FROM IN BACK OF US!

IT WAS..



...BUT THE WIND CHANGED ABRUPTLY. THAT'S HOW HE GOT YOUR SCENT!

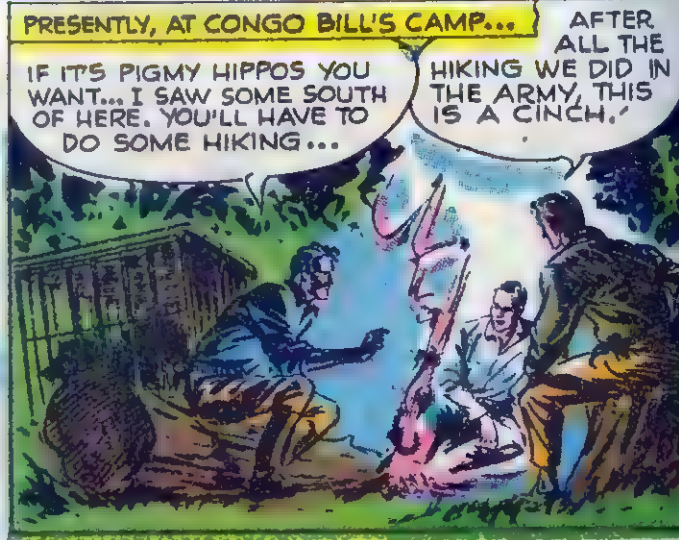
YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP TESTING WIND. AND NEVER TAKE ANYTHING FOR GRANTED WITH THESE BABIES!

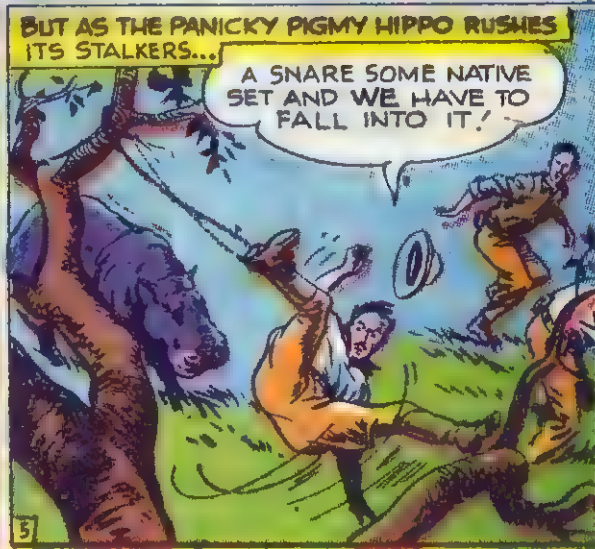
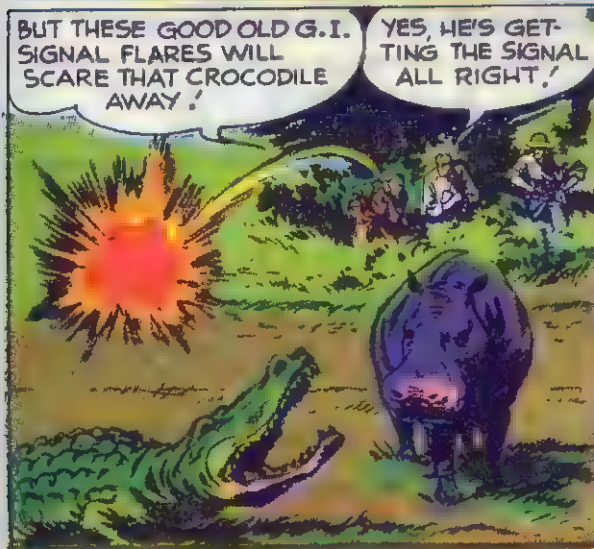
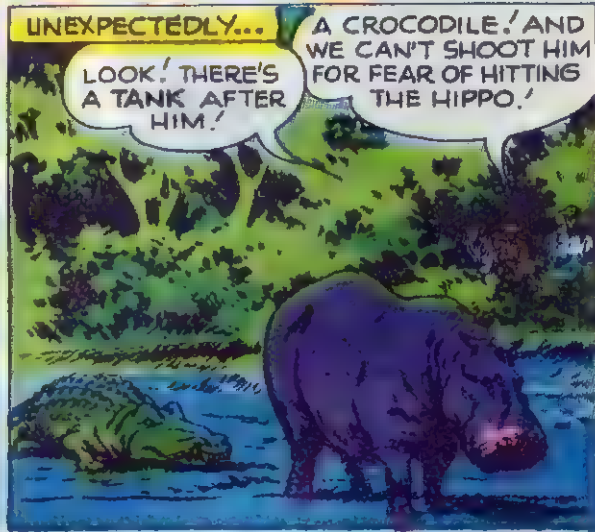
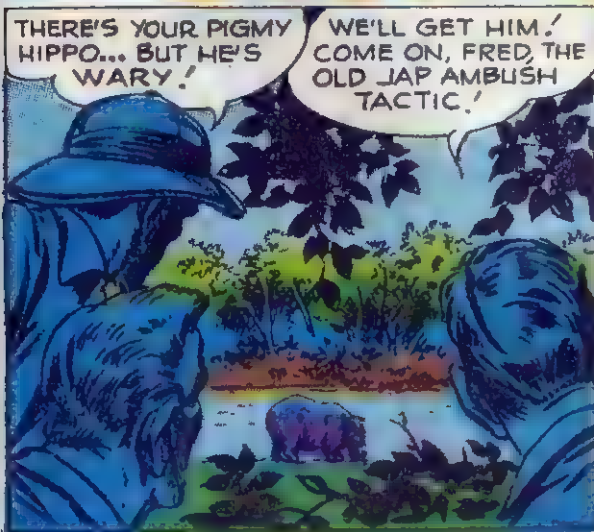
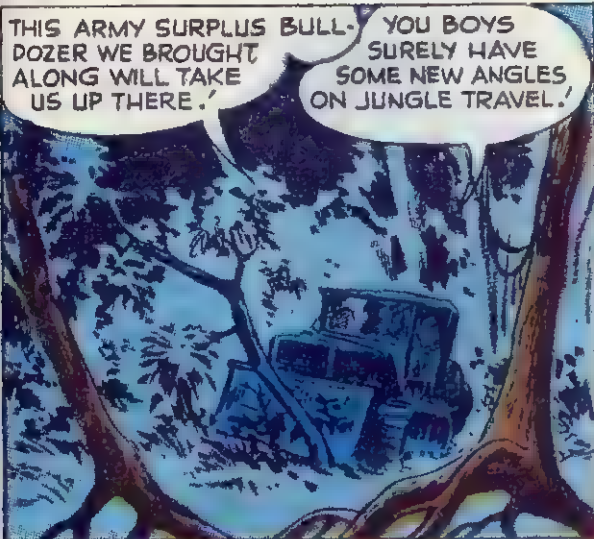


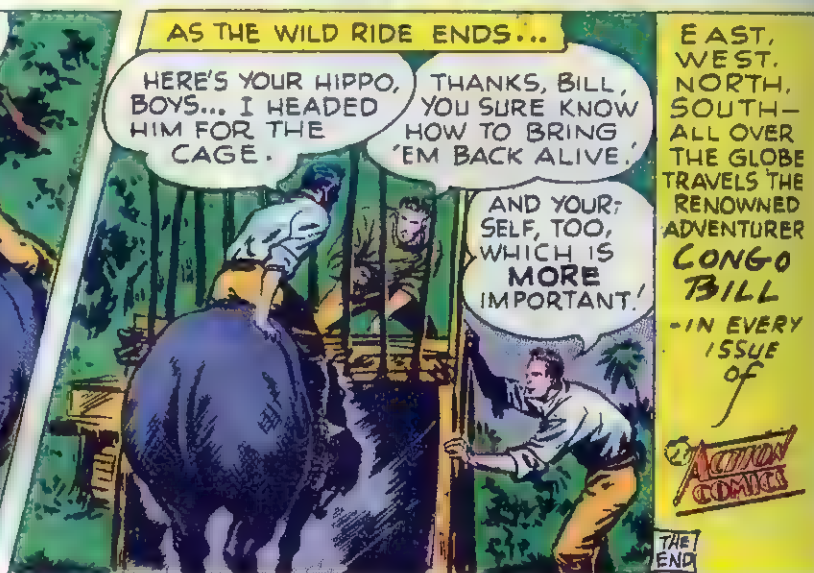
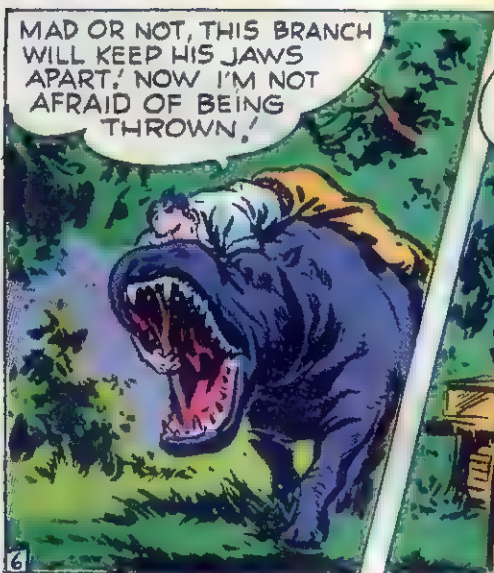
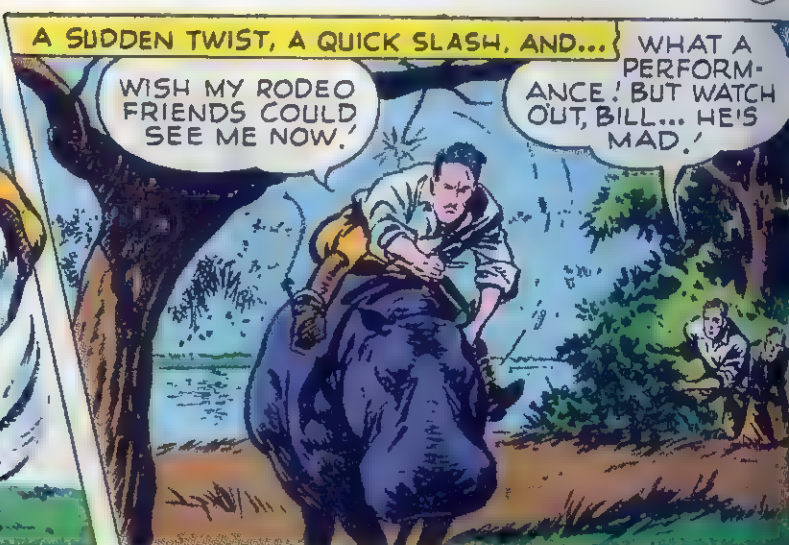
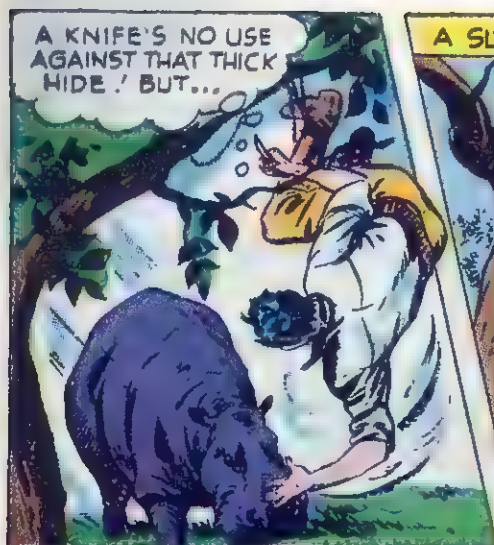
PRESENTLY, AT CONGO BILL'S CAMP...

IF IT'S PIGMY HIPPOS YOU WANT... I SAW SOME SOUTH OF HERE. YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOME HIKING...

AFTER ALL THE HIKING WE DID IN THE ARMY, THIS IS A CINCH.







EAST,
WEST,
NORTH,
SOUTH—
ALL OVER
THE GLOBE
TRAVELS THE
RENOWNED
ADVENTURER
**CONGO
BILL**
—IN EVERY
ISSUE
of

**ACTION
COMICS**

THE
END

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Neptune No. 7)

ZBWLYTHU HKCPZLZ
IVAO FVBUN HUK VSK
AV WSHF MHPY, ZABKF
OHYK, HUK DVYR DLSS.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

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IN SINGLE-HANDED COMBAT
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HAYFOOT HENRY

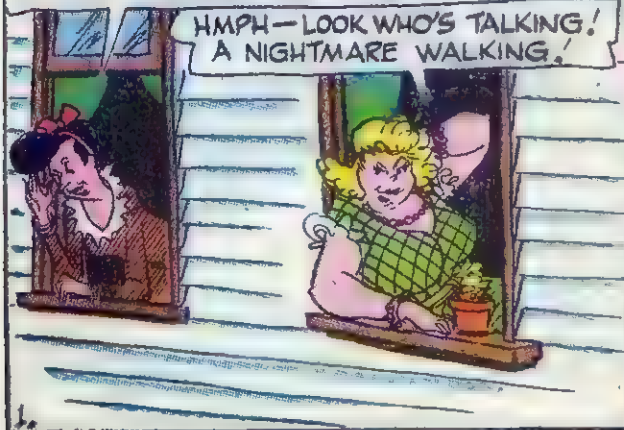
WHEN TWO LADY NEIGHBORS DESPISE ONE ANOTHER
AND BATTLE WITH SHOUTS THAT YOU'D JUST LOVE TO SMOTHER,
HENRY THE COP CAN'T OVERLOOK HIS BEST BET
TO QUIET THE RIOT TWIXT BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.
NO WONDER, OF ALL HIS MIX-UPS AND MIX-INS,
HE REMEMBERS BEST
"THE VINDICTIVE VIXENS!"



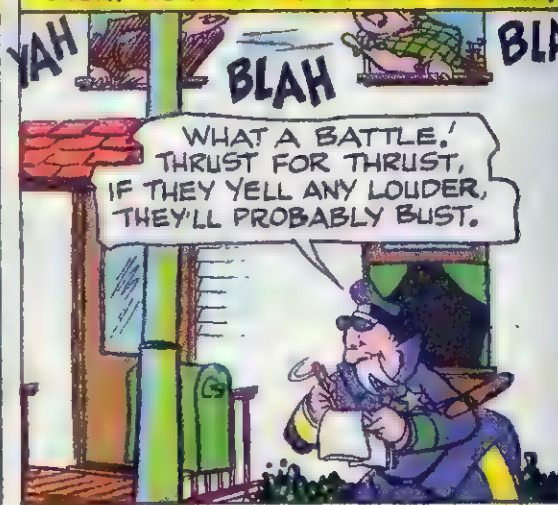
**LISTEN TO THESE TWO ANGRY NEIGHBORS
ATTACKING EACH OTHER WITH VERBAL SABERS...**

I'D HARDLY SAY, MY DEAR, THAT YOU
POSSESS A SKIN OF NATURE'S HUE.

HMPH—LOOK WHO'S TALKING!
A NIGHTMARE WALKING!

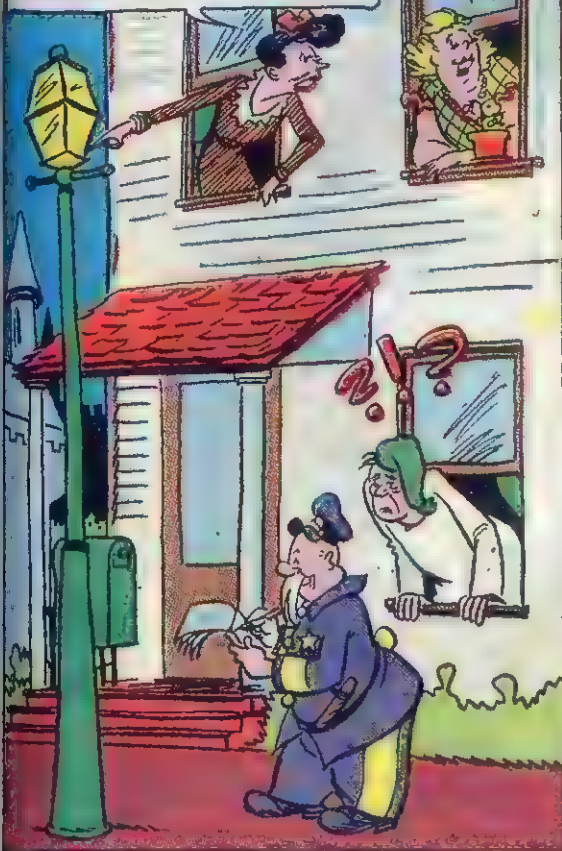


**BELOW WE FIND HENRY BUSILY WRITING
EVERY WORD OF THIS VERBAL FIGHTING!**



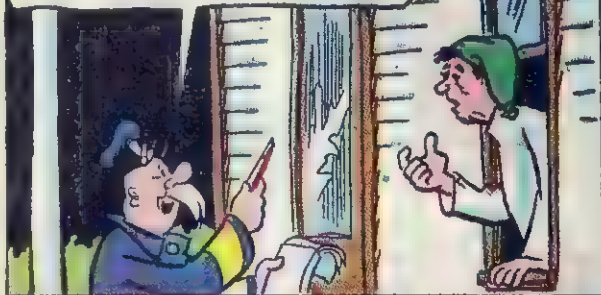
YOUR HAIR'S BECOMING, BUT IT
WOULD LOOK BEST
IF THE ROOTS WERE DYED
THE SAME AS THE REST!

MY HAIR DYED?
WHY— IF YOU'RE A REAL BLONDE,
I'LL GO SOAK MY HEAD
IN SLEEPYSIDE POND!



WHY ARE YOU WRITING DOWN
WHAT THEY'RE SAYING?
IT'S WORSE THAN TWO
DAFFY DONKEYS BRAYING!

YOU SEE, A RHYME FOR
SARCASM'S MAKING MESTEW,
AND THEIR SARCASM
MIGHT GIVE ME A CLUE!



PERHAPS YOU CAN OFFER
A DECENT SUGGESTION.
WHAT RHYMES WITH
SARCASM?
THAT IS THE
QUESTION.

I'M AWFULLY
SORRY.
BUT I'VE MY
OWN TROUBLE.
I JUST COULDN'T
THINK OF TAKING
ON DOUBLE.



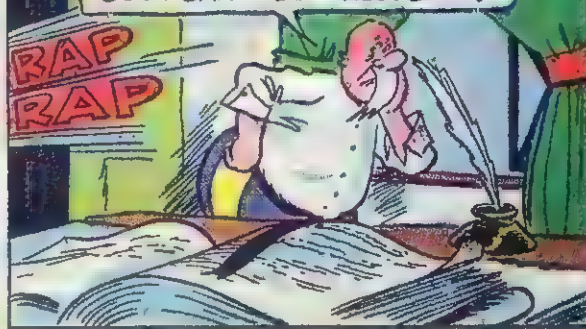
MY ROOM'S VERY CLOSE
TO THOSE FEMALE FRIGTS,
AND THEY QUARREL SO LOUD,
I CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS!

THAT'S RATHER A PITY
IN THIS CROWDED CITY.



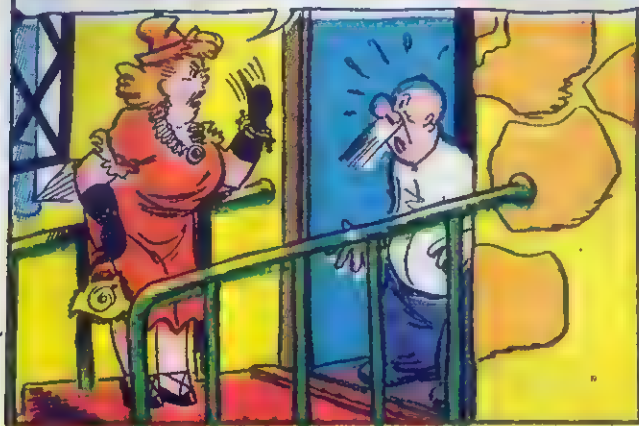
SOME HOURS LATER, IN HENRY'S STUDY,
HENRY DISCOVERS HIS BRAIN GETTING MUDDY.

SARCASM—DEAR ME—
THE RHYME'S SO ELUSIVE!
THAT KNOCK!
A COP'S LIFE
JUST CAN'T BE EXCLUSIVE!



OFFICER—I DEMAND THE ARREST OF MY NEIGHBOR!
SHE DESERVES TO GET TWENTY YEARS AT HARD LABOR!
SHE STOLE MY VALUABLE DIAMOND RING
AND WEARS IT ABOUT LIKE AN INNOCENT THING!

IMAGINE HER NERVE!
SHE TRIES TO PRETEND
THE RING WAS A GIFT
FROM A GENTLEMAN FRIEND!

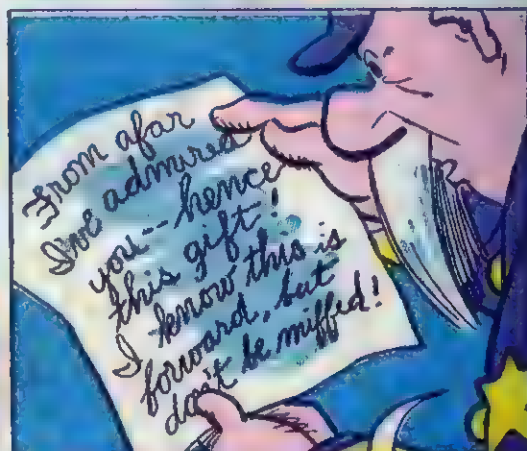


THIS IS A SERIOUS
CHARGE INDEED,
FOR WHICH YOUR QUARRELS
SOWED THE SEED!



A SECRET ADMIRER
SENT THIS TO ME.
AND HERE'S HIS NOTE,
AS YOU CAN SEE!

YOU LIE, YOU VIXEN!
IT'S A FAKE NOTE!
WHO'D ADMIRE YOU?
YOU'VE A FACE
LIKE A GOAT!



A MAN'S HANDWRITING—THAT'S CLEAR!
BUT WHY SO SHAKY? THAT'S QUEER!

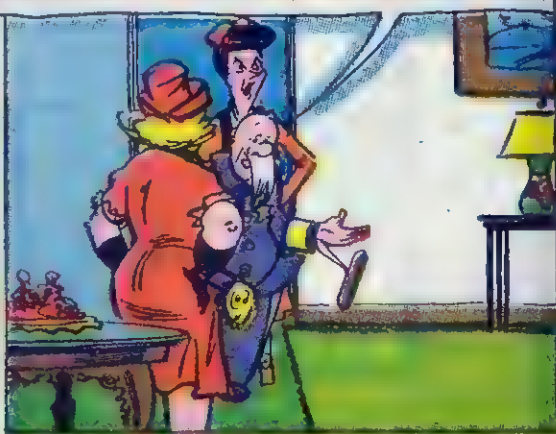
THEY BOTH SEEM TRUTHFUL,
IF NO LONGER YOUTHFUL...

HAND OVER MY RING,
YOU CONSCIENCELESS
THIEF!

FOR THAT
ACCUSATION,
YOU'LL COME
TO GRIEF!



ONE MOMENT, LADIES—THERE'S NO NEED TO FIGHT.
I NEED YOUR HELP TO SET MATTERS RIGHT.
OF A RHYME FOR "SARCASM", WHO'LL BE THE DONOR,
SO MY HEAD'LL BE CLEARED TO FIND THE TRUE OWNER?



I'M THE TRUE OWNER!
YOUR RHYME CAN GO HANG!
PLEASE LEAVE MY ROOM!
YOU BOTH GIVE ME A PANG!

WHAT'S RHYME GOT TO DO
WITH ARRESTING
THIS CREEP?
ARE YOU A WIDE-
AWAKE COP OR
ARE YOU ASLEEP?

ASLEEP - THAT'S IT!
EVERYTHING'S CLEAR!
THE RING CASE IS SOLVED!
JUST WAIT RIGHT HERE.

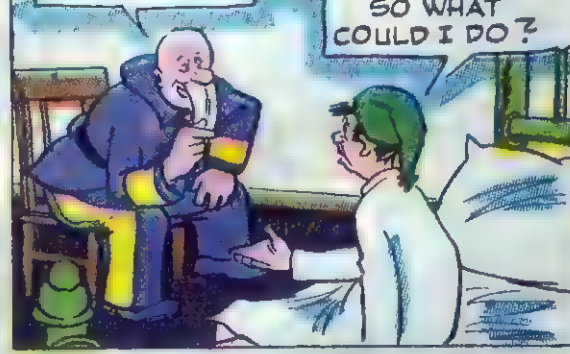
IN ANOTHER ROOM, JUST BELOW, OFF THE HALL,
HENRY ACCUSES THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

YOU STOLE THAT RING
SO YOUR ANONYMOUS GIFT
BETWEEN THOSE TWO GALS WOULD WIDEN THE RIFT!
THE BLONDE WOULD ACCUSE THE OTHER OF THEFT,
I'D ARREST THE BRUNETTE AND YOU'D BE LEFT—



TO SLEEP IN PEACE.
YOUR FATIGUE
WAS THE CLUE
BY WHICH I TRACED
THAT SHAKY WRITING
TO YOU!

I ADMIT IT,
HENRY.
EVERY WORD'S
TRUE.
BUT I NEEDED
MY SLEEP,
SO WHAT
COULD I DO?



ANOTHER ROOM YOU SHOULD HAVE TAKEN.
IN TURNING TO CRIME YOU WERE SADLY
MISTAKEN!
BUT ROOMS ARE SCARCE.
EXCUSE MY SARCASM,
BUT SHOULD I LIVE IN A CAVE,
OR PERHAPS A DARK CHASM?



DARK CHASM?
EUREKA!
THAT'S IT!
MY RHYME FOR
SARCASM!

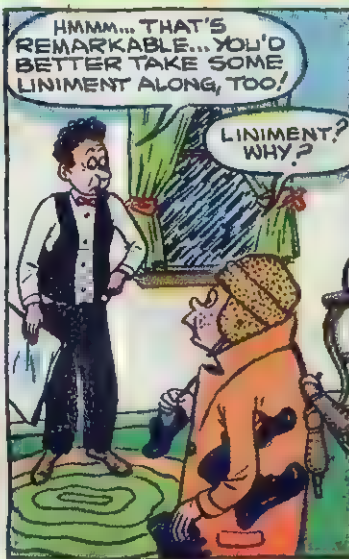
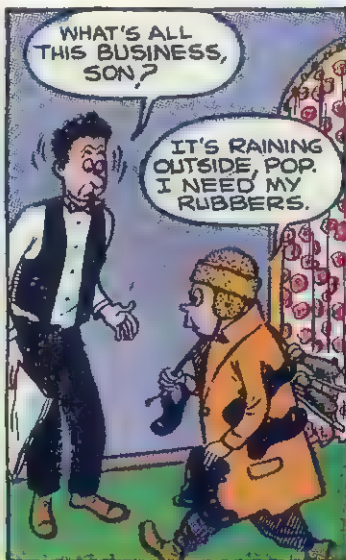
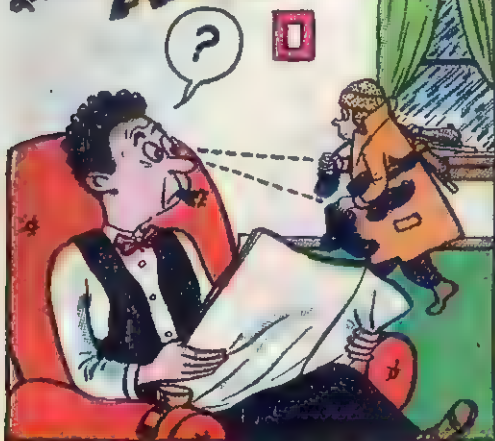


IT'S TRUE YOU CAN'T LIVE
IN ANY DARK CHASM!
BUT STEALING'S A CRIME,
AS YOU KNOW RIGHT WELL,
SO FOR A TIME YOU CAN LIVE
IN A CELL!





Little ARTHUR



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 21, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF ACTION COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the ACTION COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 486 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc. Harry Donenfeld, Guslie Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, Rose Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, Sophie U. Sampliner, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham

1. Menin as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Sonia Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1946.

ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 26, 1948)

MAIDEN CRUISE

By

MARTIN WALKER

IT WAS the commodore himself who saw the enemy ship on the morning of the 23rd. I can hear his strident voice now, calling everyone to clear the decks for action.

Hurriedly, I raced to my battle station with Monsieur Mearse, the purser, with whom I worked. My blood raced with the excitement of the moment and I recalled the day in Breton when M. Mearse first came to see my father, and obtained his permission for me to follow the sea.

"But an American ship," said my father. "Why can he not be trained on a French ship?"

M. Mearse had smiled. "Perhaps on this maiden cruise he will see and learn something about what fighters these Americans are." He winked. "It is well we are friendly with them."

I hadn't dreamed at the time that we would see action on my maiden cruise. But here it was. I looked at the commodore, standing on deck, back straight as a ramrod. Orders crackled through his horn, as we hastened to engage the enemy.

M. Mearse looked on grimly. "The commodore is going to come directly abreast of the enemy. Watch!" It was hard to hear the last word, for suddenly the batteries on the enemy ship opened up, and ours followed.

It was like the heavens splitting open. Never had I ever heard such thunderous outpourings. I crouched close to the gun as the battle continued with unrelenting fury.

Yes, even back in my country we had

heard of this American who commanded my new ship. I felt a thrill of pride run through me, realizing he was my commander, too. On this man, alone, rested the fate of all of us.

Suddenly, M. Mearse grasped my arm. "Look!" he said, excitedly. "What are we trying to do?"

I knew nothing, then, of naval maneuvers. But one could see that a stroke of genius had been laid on. The enemy's bowsprit came over our poop, by the mizzenmast. The next moment, both ships were locked together, struggling coffins of heavy wood.

"It is a wise move," M. Mearse said. "The enemy apparently does not want to fight. He has lifted anchor." He chuckled. "Now he cannot get away."

I looked around me. Over the firing came the screams of injured men. The cannon of each ship were almost touching, one to the other! It was sheer murder, suicide, or what you will.

Below decks, sundry eighteen pound shots had opened holes in our ship. And while in the midst of battle, three craven underofficers were even now trying to strike the colors.

I could see the commodore, off his station now, fighting violently with a gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms. It seems that the carpenter, seeing one of his pumps shot away below decks, had expressed fears that the ship would sink. The gunner had hastened to the poop to strike the colors.

"Surrender!" One could hear the com-

comodore's angry roar, despite the heavy fire. "Of course we won't surrender! I'll go down first, man!" He raised his sword.

Just then a cannon ball whistled through the air. It struck the ensign staff, carrying that and the ensign down with it. Now we could strike no colors!

I hurried back to my station, intending to tell M. Mearse what had happened. I stopped, startled. My friend was lying in a pool of blood, his own blood. He was wounded in the head.

In desperation I looked around. The nine-pounder that my friend had commanded occupied an important position in the fighting. True, I had seen him fire it, but I knew none of the delicacy of operation required for telling marksmanship.

And then I heard the commodore's voice behind me. "Shove over, lad," he said, "and I'll show you how this gun is operated. You'll have to take over."

Willingly I relinquished my position, but paid careful heed as this remarkable man set to work. His action inspired the few others remaining at their gun posts on the quarter-deck.

Now I could see what M. Mearse meant when he said these Americans were fighters. The commodore rallied a few men around two other guns. His face was black as theirs, with powder and grime. But he was smiling as though this fight were a peaceful picnic back in my native woods.

Three guns were under his direction now. His own, the commodore filled with double-headed shot which I carried to him. The other two guns were exceedingly well served with grape and canister shot. His object was to silence the enemy's muskets and clear her decks, something he pointed out to me after a few rounds.

Then, suddenly, his fingers bit into my shoulder. "You understand, lad?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "You wish me to keep

pouring it in until the enemy's muskets are stopped."

He laughed. "Right!" Then he was off again, into the midst of battle. Soon, from the quarter-deck, his voice boomed again.

And once more, it was an inspired battle. I know not how long I remained at my post. My body was bleeding from stray fragments of grape, and I could scarcely see through the powder burns masking my face. But, like the others, I held on grimly. We knew not what moment we might sink. One of the gunners said that our six eighteen-pounders had been silenced, and we had but six lighter guns.

Then, suddenly, I noticed the enemy's mainmast. "Look out!" I cried. "It's swaying—their mainmast—it's going to fall!"

Martin, my gunner friend, laughed. "Let it come," he cried, "just listen to their fire! It's decreasing!"

Indeed, it was so. Also, it served to quicken our own returns. From the quarter-deck came the commodore's exultant shout. "Pour it on, lads!" he cried. "They'll give up soon!"

I looked at my gunner friend. "Do you think so?" The words burned my raw, smoke-tortured throat. I wondered how much longer I could continue.

"It's over now," the gunner shouted gleefully. "They're striking their colors! Look at the commodore!"

I looked at Commodore John Paul Jones. He was standing there, back straight and stiff as a ramrod. Victory seemed to hang over him like a halo as he looked at his prize, the magnificent British man-o-war, *Serapis*, a new ship with forty-four guns.

Beneath our feet, as we walked toward him, all of us cheering, the *Bon Homme Richard* rolled lazily despite her wounds. I had completed my maiden cruise. Under fire.

VIGILANTE

GILA GAP SENTINEL



COME AND SEE THE VIGILANTE OUT WEST, MATCHING HIS WITS AGAINST COW COUNTRY CRIMINALS. WITH RUTHLESS RUSTLERS RIDING THE RANGE, AND PANICKY PUBLIC SERVANTS MEEKLY DOING THEIR WILL, GILA GAP FINDS ITSELF IN THE THROES OF A DESPERATE ONE-MAN CRIME CRUSADE WHEN THE PUNCHING PLAINSMAN AND STUFF ARRIVE TO TAKE UP THE CUDGELS FOR LAW AND ORDER, AND DEMONSTRATE AGAIN THE MIGHTY POWER OF THE PRESS IN...

**"Truth Comes
to Gila Gap!"**

AS THE GILA GAP BUS NEARS ITS DESTINATION, ONE OF ITS OCCUPANTS SIGHS WITH RELIEF...

CARRYING SO MUCH MONEY MAKES ME NERVOUS, JIM. I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS TRIP IS OVER!

PSHAW—THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, TOM!

BUT SUDDENLY...

HUH! WHAT'S THIS?

SCREECH!

SWIFTLY COMES THE ANSWER...

LINE UP OUT HERE, ALL OF YOU!

THIS IS A HOLD-UP-AND WE MEAN BUSINESS!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING MY MONEY! YOU THIEVING—

UGH! LEGGO!

OOOOH!

GUESS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH, PARDNER!

BANG!

YOU KILLED HIM!

TOO BAD! HE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO CARELESS!



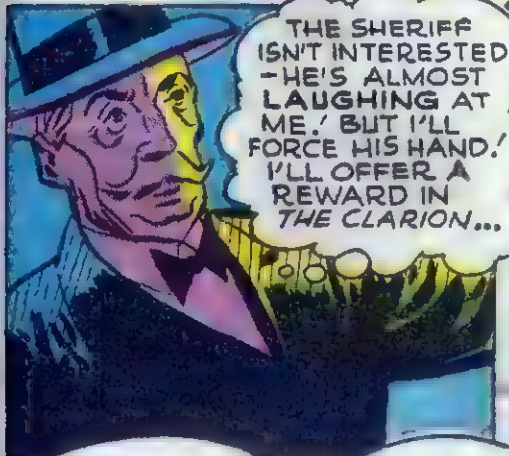
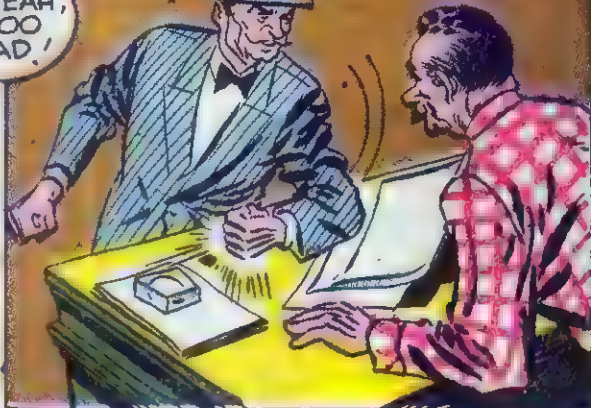
OUTRAGED, JIM TODD SEEKS THE SHERIFF'S AID...

IT WAS WAS HIGHWAY ROBBERY AND COLD-BLOODED MURDER, SHERIFF! THIS BANDIT-A FELLOW WITH A BIG SCAR ON HIS LEFT CHEEK-DIDN'T GIVE TOM HALEY A CHANCE!

YEAH, TOO BAD!

BUT AREN'T YOU GOING TO DO SOMETHING?

SURE, WE'LL LOOK INTO IT!



THE SHERIFF ISN'T INTERESTED - HE'S ALMOST LAUGHING AT ME! BUT I'LL FORCE HIS HAND! I'LL OFFER A REWARD IN THE CLARION...

BUT WHEN TODD GOES TO THE CLARION OFFICE..

\$5,000 REWARD FOR BANDIT WITH SCAR ON LEFT CHEEK - HELD UP STAGE - KILLED... SORRY, MR. TODD, BUT I CAN'T PRINT THIS!

WHY NOT?



I-I-WELL, WE CAN'T PRINT IT BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO AUTHORITY TO OFFER A REWARD!

SO-YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN CATCHING THAT KILLER, EITHER?

HERE'S A TIP, STRANGER- GET OUT OF TOWN! IT'S NOT HEALTHY TO FIGHT SCAR JAMESON! HE RUNS THE PAPER, THE SHERIFF, THE MAYOR AND JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE IN THIS TOWN!

SCAR JAMESON, EH?



A SPINELESS EDITOR AND A YELLOW-LIVERED SHERIFF! GILA GAP NEEDS AN HONEST NEWSPAPER TO EXPOSE THESE ROTTEN CONDITIONS—AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT ONE!

TWO WEEKS LATER, TODD'S *SENTINEL* ROLLS OFF THE PRESS...

THAT OUGHT TO OPEN THEIR EYES AND START 'EM THINKIN'!

THE *SENTINEL*
BUS ROBBERY-KILL!
STILL UNSOLVED!
SENTINEL OFFERS \$5,000
REWARD FOR CAPTURE OF
SCAR-FACED BANDIT!

RUSTLER'S
AGAIN RAID
BARK-RANCH
ELECTRICAL APPLI-
TRUCK HIJACKED

WHERE IS JUSTICE IN
GILA GAP?

WOW!
THIS
FELLER'S
OUT FOR
BLOOD!

'BOUT TIME
SOMEBODY
SPOKE UP
IN THIS
TOWN!

READ THE
SENTINEL!
JUST OUT!

IN SCAR JAMESON'S HIDEOUT...

WHO'S RUNNIN' THIS
NEW PAPER, SCAR?

I DUNNO! BUT WHO-
EVER HE IS I'M GONNA
RUN HIM OUT O' TOWN-
PRONTO!

ON THE SAME DAY, THE PRAIRIE TROU-
BADOUR ARRIVES IN GILA GAP, ON A
RADIO TOUR...

SO THIS IS THE WILD WEST!
AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE,
IS IT, GREG?

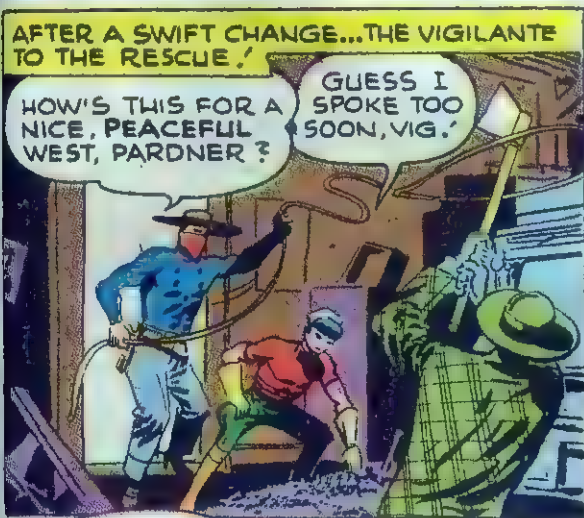
NO,
STUFF.
GUESS THE
OLD, EXCITING
DAYS ARE PAST..

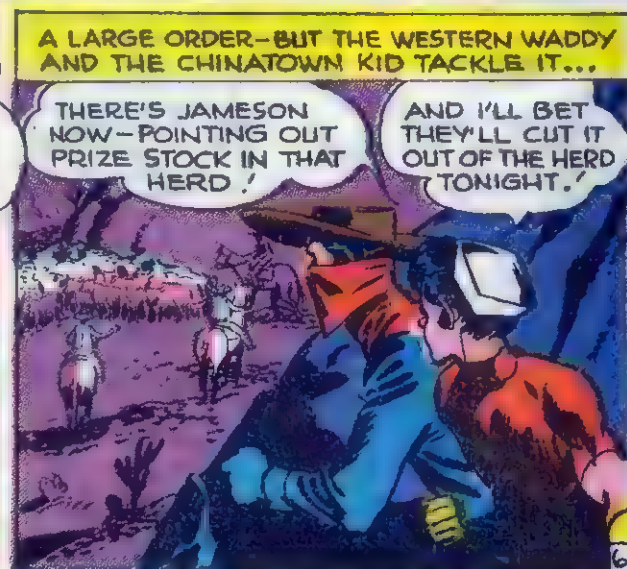
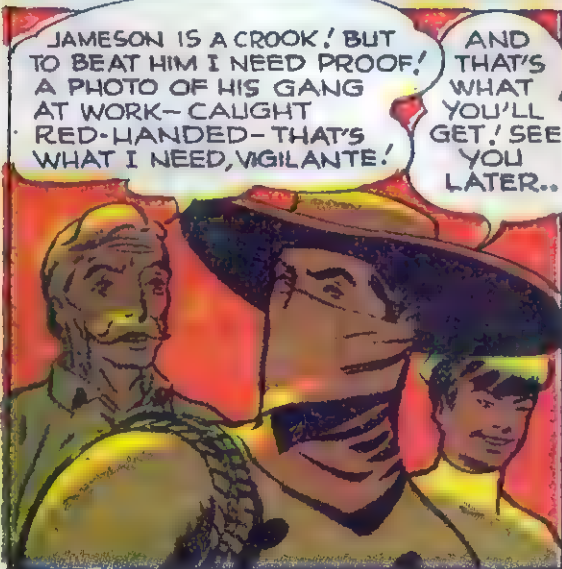
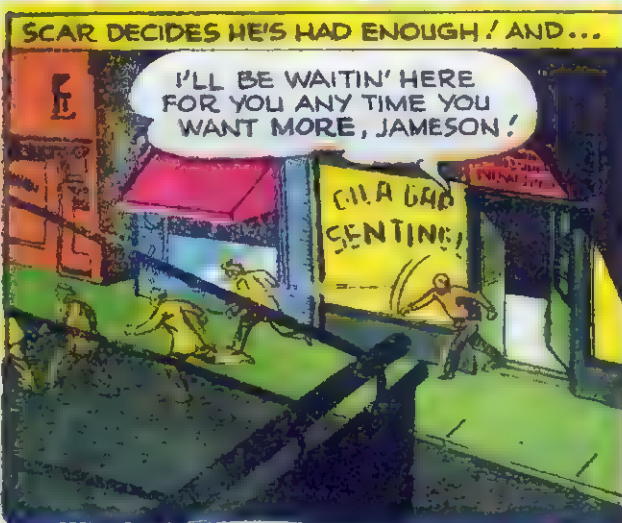
SUDDENLY, ACROSS THE STREET...

THAT'S TO PAY FOR
MY SUBSCRIPTION!
HA, HA!

Y!!!

PRESSROOM







NIGHT-AND PROOF THAT STUFF GUESSED RIGHT...

THIS RACKET IS A PUSHOVER FOR EASY DOUGH! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GRAB SOME STEERS, MESS UP THE BRANDS-AND HAUL 'EM EAST.

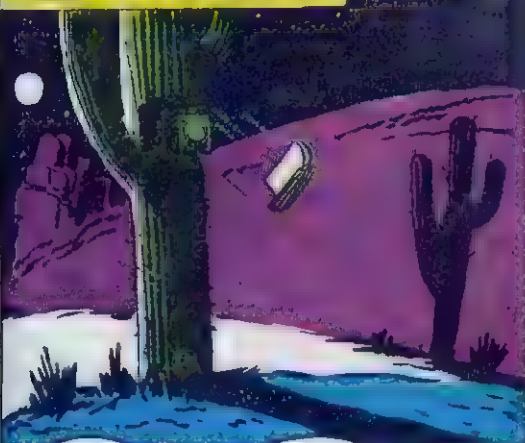


TOO BAD TODD AIN'T HERE! HE'D GET SOMETHIN' TO WRITE ABOUT.

WE OUGHTTA BUMP HIM!



BUT THERE'S A WITNESS SCAR DOESN'T SUSPECT...



SUDDENLY...

EEEEYOW!

WHAT-?



THE VIGILANTE'S KID!

YIIIIII!

NAH-I'M AN INDIAN MUMMY!



GET HIM! SMASH THAT CAMERA!





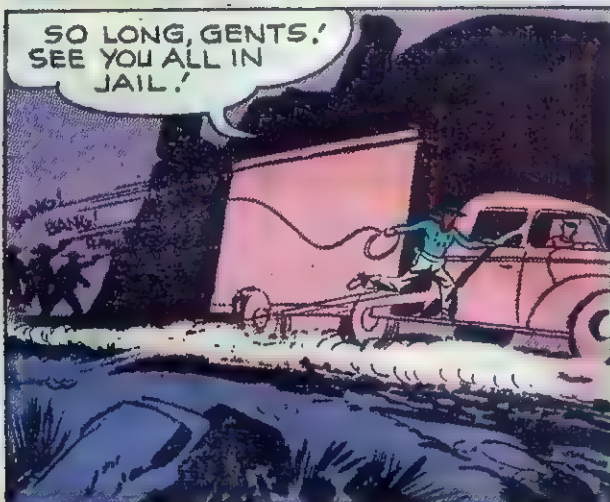
THREE SIDE-WINDERS IN ONE HAUL!

VIGILANTE!

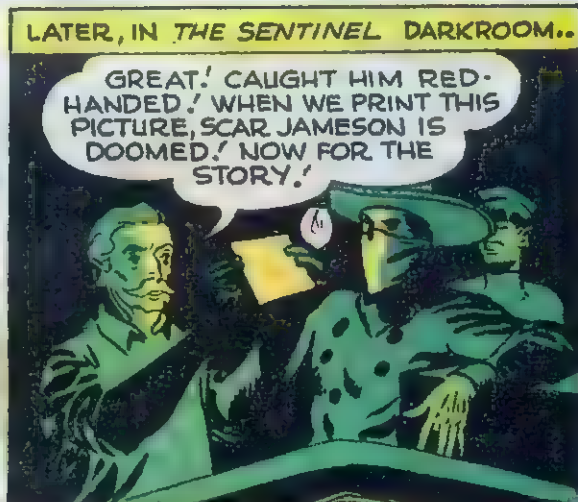


YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO A HOT SEAT, JAMESON!

YIIIIII!



SO LONG, GENTS! SEE YOU ALL IN JAIL!



LATER, IN THE SENTINEL DARKROOM..

GREAT! CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED! WHEN WE PRINT THIS PICTURE, SCAR JAMESON IS DOOMED! NOW FOR THE STORY!



"ON THIS PAGE THE SENTINEL GIVES THE CITIZENS OF GILA GAP PROOF OF THE GUILT OF SCAR JAMESON AND HIS GANG! CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF..."



WHILE AT THE TYPE CASES...

S-C-A-R J-A-M-E-S-O-N G-A-N-G C-A-U-G-H... NOW WHERE ARE THE T'S?

THIS READIN' BACKWARDS IS NO CINCH!

MEANWHILE, AT SCAR JAMESON'S HIDEOUT...

IF THE SENTINEL PRINTS THAT PICTURE, WE'RE THROUGH! WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT!

WE'LL TAKE CARE O' TODD AN' VIGILANTE, SCAR!



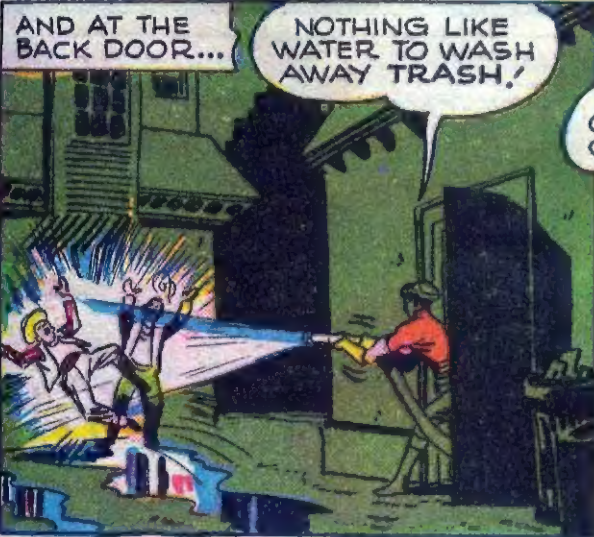
BUT THE THUGS GET A HOT RECEPTION AT THE SENTINEL'S FRONT DOOR...

CAN'T YOU HOMBRES SEE YOU'RE NOT WANTED?



AND AT THE BACK DOOR...

NOTHING LIKE WATER TO WASH AWAY TRASH!



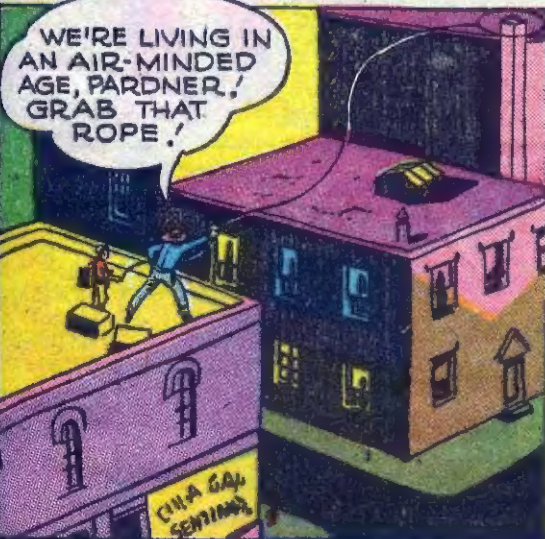
LATER, THE EDITION ROLLS OFF THE PRESS...

THE GANG IS STILL OUTSIDE! HOW'RE WE GONNA DELIVER THESE PAPERS?

COME WITH ME! I'LL SHOW YOU!

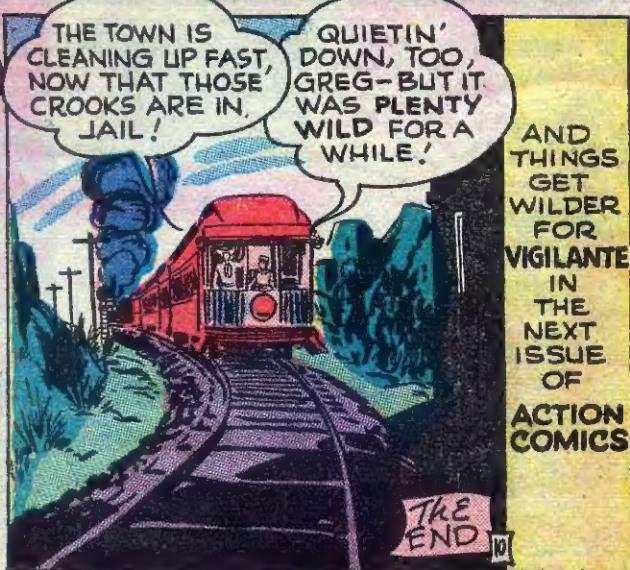
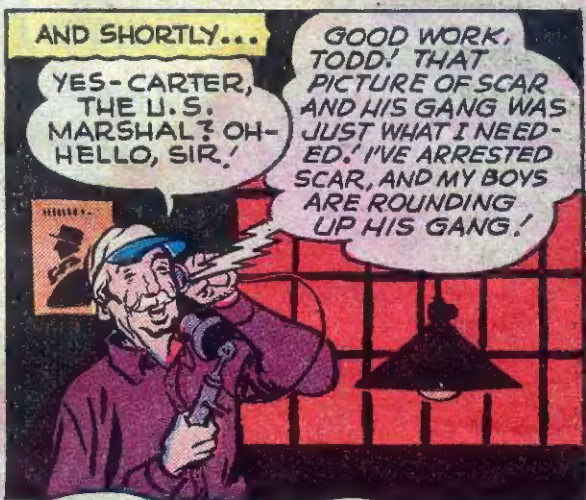


WE'RE LIVING IN AN AIR-MINDED AGE, PARDNER! GRAB THAT ROPE!



WHEE! THAT FLYIN' TRAPEZE GUY HAD NOTHIN' ON ME!

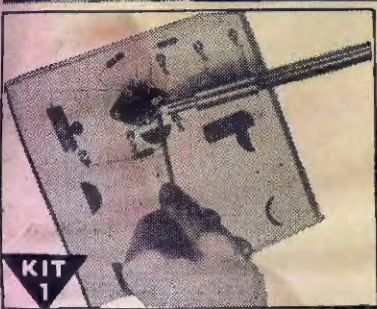






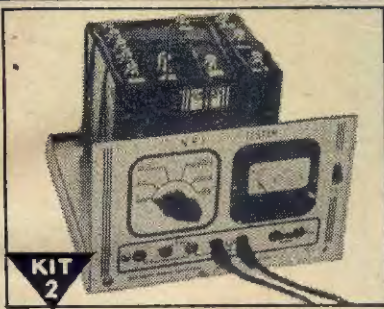
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



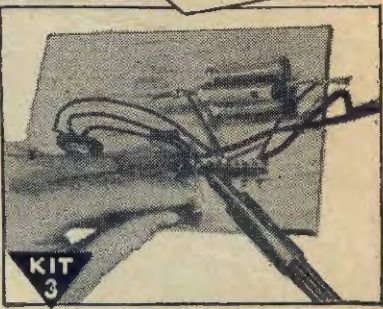
KIT 1

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



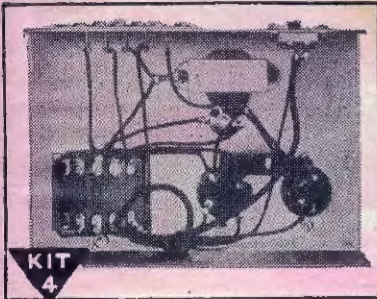
KIT 2

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



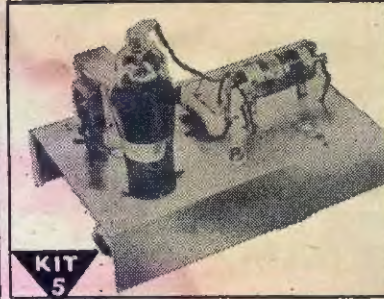
KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



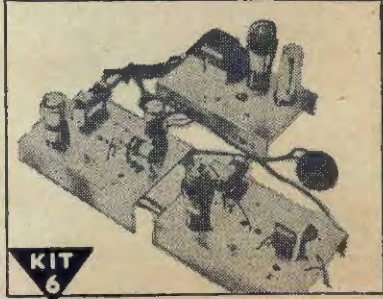
KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

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Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course, letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

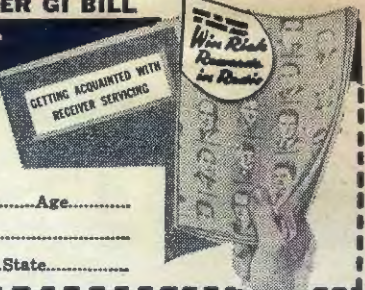
J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 78B9, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

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